HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 1944.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.

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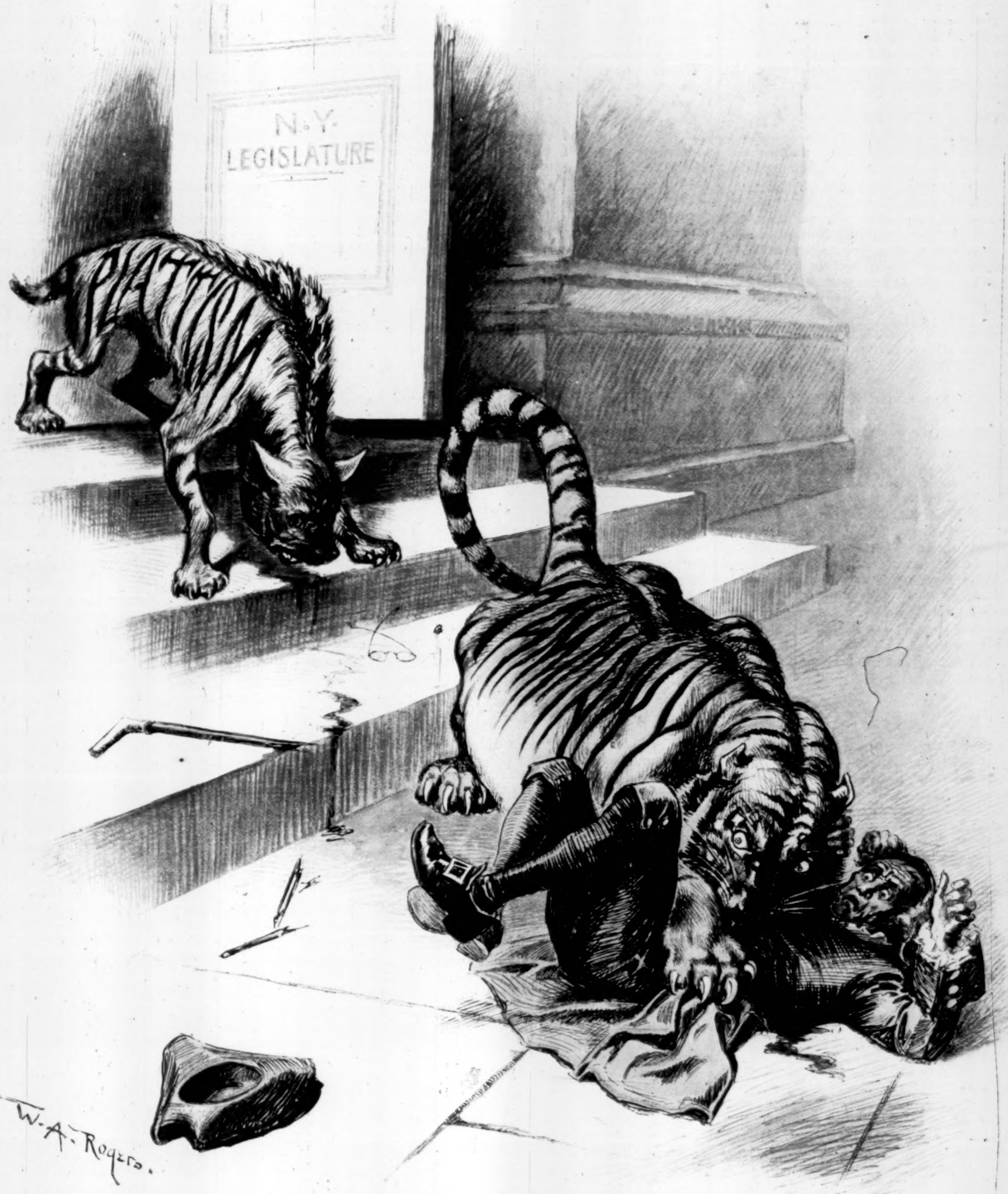

N.Y.
LEGISLATURE
PLATTISM
W. A. Rogers.

BOTH OF A STRIPE.

HELP AT HAND—FOR THE TIGER.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
PUBLISHED
NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 24, 1894.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

IT is an unpleasant duty to record the fact that the Treasury Department, under the present administration, is distinguishing itself by a certain wicked levity in the treatment of the civil service law. The Secretary, Mr. Carlisle, voted for the Pendleton act when it passed, and during his legislative career he manifested, if not an active interest in the promotion of civil service reform, at least no opposition to it. Whether he had no definite opinions on this subject, or whether he has changed those he had, we do not know. At any rate, as we understand the case, he has fallen under influences which at present make him appear as the only avowed contemner of civil service reform in President Cleveland's cabinet.

When Secretary Carlisle took office it was noticed with some surprise that he began his official career with an act of barefaced nepotism in appointing his son, Mr. Logan Carlisle, to an important position in his department. He thus set a thoroughly bad example; and whatever reasons may have been given or may have existed, in defence of it, the unfortunate transgression began at once to avenge itself, as evil deeds are apt to do. Mr. Logan Carlisle, the son, as soon as he found himself armed with a certain power over appointments and removals, conceived in his immature brain the great idea that he had an important mission to discharge. It was to take care of the Democratic party in general, and of Southern Democrats in particular, in filling the offices, and to show that the government could be run upon the spoils and rotation principle just as well as with officers and employés of proved merit.

Secretary Carlisle, as a man of experience in political life, ought to be aware of the fact that a son with a light head, with a crude ambition, and with an opportunity for attracting public notice, is among the dangers besetting the path of a public man one of the greatest. When such a light head even conceives itself charged with a mission, the case becomes especially critical. If Mr. Carlisle is not yet convinced of this solemn truth, he need only look at the bull-in-the-china-shop performances of his offspring and their effect. Young Logan began with a rapid succession of removals and appointments in the non-classified part of the department service, which, if they had remained confined to places in the laboring force and the like, would have caused comparatively little comment. But he loved to distinguish himself by choosing shining marks, and thus he raged among the chiefs of division—important officers who, very unfortunately for the public interest, have not yet been brought under the shelter of the civil service rules. And among these he selected, with a sort of vaunting glee, as first preferences for removal the "indispensables," as he sneeringly called them—those who by long experience and accumulated knowledge had made their services especially valuable. The young man, himself a novice in official life, wished to show how easily the experience and knowledge acquired by long service can be dispensed with. That the chiefs of the bureaus in which such reckless removals took place did not prevent them by emphatic protests must not be taken as a sign of their being thought harmless. The bureau chiefs simply did not consider it safe to throw themselves in the way of the Secretary's son, who had the power of an indulgent father behind him. Only one of them, Mr. Eckels, the Comptroller of the Currency, had the courage to resist the wanton vandalism of the removals in his bureau planned by young Carlisle and acquiesced in by the Secretary. Mr. Eckels appealed to the President, presenting a peremptory protest against the arbitrary removals which threatened seriously to impair the efficiency of his office, and the President sustained him.

Not content with having damaged the efficiency of the service to the best of his ability by removing as many as possible of the ablest and most experienced chiefs of division, to put party favorites into their places, young Logan Carlisle proceeded to devote his genius also to the classified service. So far it had been supposed that places covered by the civil service law were secure from arbitrary changes. But the ingenious youth found a way to "beat the law" in that respect. There had been, according to an official report, during the first six months of Mr. Harrison's administration, in the classified service of the Treasury Department nineteen removals of clerks and six reductions in grade and pay. But during the first six months of young Logan Carlisle's control of the civil service of the Treasury Department there were no less than forty-one removals and fifty-eight reductions; and the persons so removed or reduced were almost all, if not exclusively, Republicans, and mostly men from Northern States, while those advanced in the places of the reduced ones were almost all Democrats and men from the South. As to the reasons assigned for such changes, the case of Mr. Gaddis, a Treasury clerk who had been for years detailed for work with the Civil Service Commission, is a representative one. In July last Mr. Gaddis was suddenly recalled from his detail by an order from the Treasury Department. A few days later he was dismissed. As he had for a long time worked only under the Civil Service Commission, and the commission was in every respect satisfied with him, the dismissal could not have been caused by any delinquency in official conduct. An inquiry addressed by the commission to the Treasury Department elicited only the answer that Gaddis had been dismissed "for good and sufficient reason"—a term used when it is thought best that the true reasons should not be avowed. But further remonstrance on the part of the commission brought out from the department a letter signed by Secretary Carlisle, in which, contrary to the understanding of the law hitherto universally prevailing, it is denied that it is a violation of the civil service law to remove a man from the classified service for political reasons, and in which the position is taken that, if there be a violation of the law, the head of the respective department need not provide any remedy, but may leave the aggrieved party to find redress in the courts.

We prefer to assume that this letter, which aims at a virtual subversion of the civil service law, and which in referring aggrieved parties to the courts substantially repeats Boss Tweed's famous saying, "What are you going to do about it?" was instigated by young Logan Carlisle, and somewhat thoughtlessly signed by the indulgent father. For if we had to believe that Secretary Carlisle himself put forth such doctrines deliberately, upon mature consideration, we should have to class him among the dangerous men who seek to emasculate the law with pettifogging quirks and quibbles, and are utterly unworthy of public trust. But if he has suffered himself to be enticed by his son, it is certainly time that he should open his eyes to the distinction which has been achieved for him. At no time since the enactment of the civil service law has the ravaging of the important places in any department been nearly so wanton and so heedless of the efficiency of the service as in the Treasury under his administration. At no time has the classified service ever been so flagitiously invaded by political and sectional favoritism and spoils politics. At no time has a member of the cabinet permitted his signature to sanction doctrines so utterly incompatible with the duty of an officer charged with an honest interpretation and a faithful enforcement of the law. And for all this the responsibility at last falls upon him. We warn him that every step he takes further to defend the things that have been done in his name will lead him only into deeper mire, and that a watchful public opinion will grow less lenient as he proceeds. Common prudence would admonish him to look out for the time when one branch of Congress may again be in the hands of the opposition, and when a keen search-light may be turned upon the antics of the giddy youth whom he has permitted to wield power under him.

Meanwhile it is not improper to remind President Cleveland of the appeal of the Comptroller of the Currency, which might have suggested to him that there are things going on in the Treasury Department urgently calling for his personal attention.

THE BETRAYAL OF TARIFF REFORM.

A GROUP of Democratic Senators threaten to defeat the tariff bill and to leave the McKinley act on the statute-book. The moderate measure that passed the House, and which twenty years ago would have been regarded as a very high protection bill, provided for a too radical reduction of rates of duty in the opinion of these Senators. They threatened to vote against it if it came into the Senate unchanged. They persuaded the subcommittee to which the bill was referred to change the free list, and to place coal, iron ore, and sugar on the dutiable list. Having accomplished that much, they are still unsatisfied, and are doing their worst to defeat any attempt to make a reduction in tariff taxes.

The protected interests are making a life-and-death struggle. They have never before so openly exhibited their enormous power over the legislative branch of the Federal government. When they went to Washington to dictate the various schedules of the McKinley bill they were simply giving directions to their duly elected agents, to men who had been chosen for the purposes for which they were being used. They had frankly announced their attorneyship for the protected manufacturers, and while decent self-respect might have led them to pretend to a little more independence than they betrayed, their ostentatious and proclaimed obedience to the manufacturers was not astonishing. But now the manufacturers are dealing with the Senators of a party that for twenty years has promised to reform the tariff, and they are proving that their influence over those who should be their opponents is strong enough to enable them to endanger at least the consummation of the tariff-reform victories of 1890 and 1892, in which the aggregate majorities against the party responsible for the McKinley act were 1,300,000 and 1,800,000. There was never so powerful a political factor in this country, perhaps in any other country, as this combination of wealthy interests, whose riches have grown at the expense of the people through their business partnership with the government.

The group of Democratic Senators who have succeeded in almost entirely destroying the free list of the Wilson bill are the agents of special interests. Their motives are infinitely meaner than those of the men who passed the McKinley act. We can respect an honest protectionist who is suffering under the delusion that he can enrich two men by taking money from the pocket of one and transferring it to the pocket of the other. But these Democratic Senators profess to disbelieve in this theory, and are simply seeking the pecuniary advantage of interests in which they or their constituents are concerned. They are trading in legislation for the money there is in it. They are log-rolling and dickering, not for a principle, but that they or their constituents may be better off than the rest of the country. It is charged that some of the Senators have used the information which they obtained in secrecy from the subcommittee to speculate on Wall Street; that the sugar trust maintained a lobby in Washington, a lobby offering the tempting bait of speedy fortune. The country heard this accusation without astonishment. When men like Gorman, Pugh, Murphy, Hill, McPherson, Smith, and Brice openly declare that they are in the Senate to guard the interests of makers of collars and cuffs, of railroads that transport coal and iron ore, of potters that have reduced wages at every increase of their bounty, why should it surprise any one to be told that Senators buy and sell stocks on Wall Street, affecting the market by the knowledge they obtain of legislation on which they were acting? And this is especially true in view of the confession of Mr. McPherson, that he does deal in stocks that are necessarily affected by Congressional legislation, while Mr. Hill comes to New York and consults with the counsel and other agents of industries that are still demanding higher duties than those provided for in the bill before the Senate. The demoralization of the Senate is so complete that Mr. White saw no reason why he should not remain a member of the body after his confirmation as Justice of the Supreme Court, for the purpose of protecting the sugar-growing industry, in which he has a direct pecuniary interest.

There was never such wholesale and overshadowing scandal in the United States Senate. There was never such a general belief throughout the country that legislation is being sold to favored interests. The people who placed the Democratic party in power because they thought that it was in favor of lower tariff taxes are being betrayed. At the front of this conspiracy against his party and the country is Senator Hill. He is not accused of seeking pecuniary gain; doubtless he has taken the leadership of the Democratic protectionists for the gratification of his political ambitions. He is now urging the party to declare that for twenty years it has been deceiving the country with promises of reform that it did not mean to fulfil. He is intent on defeating any tariff bill. He is determined to make it worth the while of all the protected interests of the country to favor his candidacy for the Presidency. With Hill in the White House and a protectionist Senate, the men whose agents now in the Senate Chamber are blocking the way of reform would control the resources of the country, and the people of the United States would be governed by the owners of mines and factories.

If this conspiracy succeeds, and it is strong and determined, the voters who have made Democratic triumphs possible have been basely deceived. Since 1876 thousands of voters, the young men from the colleges to whom the war is a tradition, and all who revolted against the economic doctrines of the Republican party, have been seeking to gain their object, and to win a victory for reform through the Democratic party. They have met with disappointment after disappointment. And now if it is shown that no relief can be obtained for the tax-ridden consumers through the Democratic party because of the overweening and unscrupulous ambition of one leader, and the greed of others, the loss of time and energy will be enormous. If the Democratic administration expires in 1896 with nothing accomplished for tariff reform, twenty years of earnest effort has been lost, almost a generation of voters has been wasted, a most stupendous blunder has been committed. The men who have allied themselves with the Democratic party in order that good might come of it have thrown away their opportunity, and after Grover Cleveland retires they must begin, what events may show should have been begun twenty years before, the slow process of building up a new party—a party not dominated by speculators and political tricksters, but a party meaning what it says, and honest enough to keep its word in the hour of its victory.

THE ELECTION CRIMES IN TROY.

The honor of the whole State is involved in the election crimes of Troy. Those crimes were the culmination of the assaults upon the purity of the ballot-box that have been committed for years by the band of brigands who rule this State because they control the Democratic organization. The felonies of the Tammany leaders, heelers, and strikers stopped short of violence because they met with no resistance from citizens at the polls. When McKane was opposed at Gravesend he resorted to assault and battery; and if it were necessary to the accomplishment of their purposes, the political thugs of this city would probably no more hesitate to resort to murder than the toughs of Troy did when Robert Ross and his brother stood in their way.

The machine is responsible for this outbreak of crime, which shames the Empire State of the Union and its metropolis. It has been industriously and patiently organized for the gratification of the political ambition of an unworthy man and the looting of the people. From the point of view of those who made it, it has been a stupendous success; from the point of view of decent men, it is a burning disgrace. It gave to its most important leader the vote of New York for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Another leader is in the United States Senate. Another is Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Another has made a fortune of huge proportions, and displays it with vulgar ostentation.

To most of the army of adventurers who follow these leaders the machine is an instrument for robbery. The bandits are after the money of the tax-payers. It is natural that McKane's conviction should be followed by the revelation that his accounts with the town of Gravesend need explanation to the sum of several hundred thousand dollars. The men who compose this machine have been growing rich on public plunder for a long time, and they obtain their opportunities for robbery from just such violations of the election laws as those for which McKane and the convicted inspectors of this city are now in jail.

The machine is a criminal organization. At its head is Edward Murphy, Jun., who disgraces the State in the Federal Senate. He is the man who is morally responsible for the crimes committed in Troy. He may not have inspired the physical assaults of his heelers, but it cannot be denied that these are the direct and natural consequences of the political methods which he has devised and practised. What happened in Troy finds its cause in his leadership. Fortunately this crime is made the more impressive by the fact that Troy is Senator Murphy's home. The criminals are his immediate followers. The crimes were committed in the interest of the candidate whom Murphy insisted on making the Mayor of Troy. What happened in that city is likely to happen anywhere in the State so long as men like Murphy continue to be the leaders of our political parties; but, having happened there, the moral is clear.

An uprising of the people seems to have begun. If it had not been for the convictions obtained in Brooklyn and New York, the good people of Troy might not have resisted Senator Murphy's schemes, and there would have been no murder as the result of repeating and false registration. Now that the work has begun, it should go bravely on. The crimes at Troy must be probed to the bottom. The men who are legally guilty must be found and punished. If high officers of the State are guilty, it is necessary to the cause of good government that they wear the prison garb. The Governor has appointed to conduct the Troy investigation for the people two lawyers who are not generally known throughout the State. They may be entirely competent for their serious task, but where the honor of the State is concerned the counsel for the people should be chosen from the most distinguished and widely known leaders of the bar. If there is any suspicion of trifling in the matter, Governor Flower will suffer; he would never be able to live down the belief that he intended to shield the important criminals. It is not enough that the machine should sacrifice its unimportant followers to the public indignation; the leaders themselves should be compelled to pay the penalty of their crimes.

THE BRAZILIAN REBELLION.

To disentangle the threads of the causes, or even of the events, of a South American revolution is a task for which few English-speaking persons are fitted, and a much smaller number inclined. The one that now appears finally to have collapsed in Brazil, though not so complicated as some, has been from the beginning extremely obscure. So far as its principal current was concerned, it seemed to be confined largely to the navy and the bay of Rio de Janeiro, though Admiral Mello, who started the affair, left that place some time since, and disappeared, as Minister Mendonca vaguely remarks, in the waters to the south of Rio, whence he has not yet emerged. Meanwhile there have been confused reports of risings in the states to the south, of sieges and battles and marches in which nothing has been captured and the marching armies have not visibly arrived. So far as can be gathered from the published reports, Marshal Peixoto's rule has been pretty strictly a military one, and the leaders of the army have been favored by him. On the other hand, the officers of the navy have not only been jealous of the superior advantages of the army men, but have included more adherents of the empire and more aspirants for power under a restoration.

But a rebellion of the navy would have been powerless and hopeless without financial aid, which must have come either from a large and substantial support among the people, including a considerable part of the men of means and property, or from outside sources. The evidence as to popular support is very conflicting, but it does not indicate enough to have enabled the insurrectionists to get on as long as they have got on and as well without outside help. The only source from which this could have come in any strength is from the friends of the former reigning house, which by the marriage of Dom Pedro's daughter is connected with the Orleans family. The Orleans princes are unquestionably very wealthy, thanks to the thrift of Louis Philippe transmitted to his descendants, but they are also extremely averse to doubtful investments. How much money they have "given up" in the present venture can only be conjectured. Admiral Da Gama, who succeeded to the command of the fleet in Rio Harbor after the departure of Mello, is known to be an imperialist in his sympathies and the idol of the imperialists in the navy. Since he came to the front the insurrection has been generally accepted as in the interest of a restoration. Now that he has taken refuge in a foreign vessel, and the fleet has surrendered, the rebellion is a failure. The quiet election of a civilian to succeed Peixoto in November next forbids any hope of a successful revolution on land, and whatever the Orleanist investment may have been, it is clearly a total loss.

Meanwhile our own government has had a rather delicate task to perform, and has performed it with energy and judgment. In the uncertainty of events it was impossible to ignore the possibility of the success of the revolt, and the responsibility to which a new government might hold our own. But the United States from the first took the ground that American interests should be protected, and that no blockade of Rio Harbor would be recognized that was not actually efficient. In this position it stood practically alone, but the firmness with which it was held broke the back of the insurrection, and leaves the prestige of the United States higher and more strongly established than ever.

A CHANCE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Nathan Straus, who is continually devising new schemes to benefit his fellows, gives out that he is busy now on a plan for burying folks at cost. It is a good work. If Mr. Straus does no more than merely to ascertain and publish what is the real cost of contemporary burial, he will illuminate one of the obscurest subjects with which moderns have to deal. The necessaries are about the same in all funerals, cheap or dear. A hearse, a coffin, some carriages, some black gloves for bearers, a grave—that short list covers most of the items that society regards as comparatively indispensable. It appears, however, that the bill for furnishing them may easily range from twenty-five dollars up to twenty-five hundred, while the taste for display, if the mourners happen to have it, may be gratified to the extent of as many additional thousands as they may care to provide.

Mr. Straus says that the undertakers charge too much, that hundred-dollar funerals do not really cost more than thirty dollars, and that poor people ought to get their funerals at cost. He hopes to provide them with facilities for doing so, and without any prejudice to the prosperity of the undertakers, we trust that he may be able to do so. It is not to be expected of him that he shall also interest himself in the relief of the well-to-do, but it would be interesting to know if the same proportion between cost and charge which he objects to in the funerals of the poor, obtains in more expensive obsequies. Is the real cost of a three-hundred-dollar funeral no more than one hundred dollars? Is the real cost of a five-hundred-dollar funeral less than two hundred dollars? When the undertaker's bill reaches two thousand dollars, is thirteen hundred of it somebody's profit? It is suspected that all these questions could be answered by slightly qualified affirmatives. It is known that it takes an expert to detect any difference between a funeral costing four hundred dollars and one valued at five times that sum. In the bills for such a pair of funerals the single item which will ordinarily be greater in one than in the other will be the casket. In one bill that item will be two or three hundred dollars, in the other, seventeen or eighteen hundred. Yet the two caskets look exactly alike. Whether there is any reasonable approach to such a difference in their value as the bills suggest is something which the undertaker may know, but which the customer doesn't. He doesn't want to dicker about caskets. He simply tells the undertaker to go ahead and provide what is proper. When he finally comes to pay the bill he wonders in a wild way how much of it is for goods delivered and services done, and how much is in the nature of an inheritance tax for the benefit of undertakers.

The truth is that there is a chance for a new profession in connection with burials. We already have undertakers who undertake the funerals. What is needed are funeral attorneys who will undertake the undertakers. They should be expert persons, who know the real value of all sorts of caskets, as well as the true worth of undertakers' services. Their province should be to find out what grade of funeral is really desired, and to represent the bereaved in the deal with the undertaker. Of course they should not be in collusion either with the undertakers or the casket factories, and it should be ever present in their minds that their business is primarily to protect the bereaved, and not merely to reduce the undertaker's profits by sharing them. It would be as well, or better, if the funeral-attorney business could be carried on in connection with some other avocation, as the care of real estate, or the sale of flowers, thereby lessening the temptation of persons who engage in it to make it improperly profitable. In all cases, too, the attorney's charge should be a fixed sum, bearing some relation, perhaps, to the cost of the funeral, but moderate, and previously ascertained by law or custom.

COLLEGE PRANKS AND CRIME.

The turning into a tragedy of a riotous farce, through the killing of the cook of a "Freshman banquet" at Cornell, from a noxious gas administered by Sophomores, was in the way to be forgotten. Public interest in it, however, has been revived and rendered acute by an extraordinary charge delivered at Ithaca by Judge Forbes, of the Supreme Court, to the Grand Jury before which the case was to be brought.

The charge is long, and not clear, but the impression that has been derived from it, and that a careful reading of it fully justifies, is that, in the opinion of the judge, the killing of a peaceable person by an agency that was not intended to injure her, or to kill anybody, but only to inflict annoyance and pain upon a party of Freshmen, is not an incident that calls for judicial investigation. A refusal to indict, the judge thinks, would be popular. "I apprehend," he says, "that such a rendering"—to wit, that the students did not mean to kill anybody—"would meet with entire satisfaction, so far as the people are concerned."

This is extraordinary language for a judge. That a woman has been killed by the act of the Cornell Sophomores is not disputed, nor that they did not mean to kill her. But that an offence has been committed is quite as clear, and it seems to be the function of a petit jury to find what the offence was, and what excuses the perpetrators of it had. Yet the judge whose business it is to enforce the law in effect tells the Grand Jury that it should not, by finding an indictment, allow the questions involved to be legally tried.

This is a much more serious case than the ordinary cases of hazing, even when they have serious results. The students who meant to make their fellow-students ill, and to drive them out of the place in which they had lawfully assembled, became fugitives from justice as soon as it appeared that a death had resulted from their performance. They had intended to do a piece of malicious mischief, and "college honor" required them to protect each other. But as soon as it appeared that they had committed homicide, every sentiment of manliness and honor called upon them to give themselves up for trial, protesting the comparative innocence of their intentions. Yet they have remained in hiding, as if they had really intended to commit the homicide they did commit. The civil authorities, as represented by Judge Forbes, declare that boys will be boys—which is not accepted as a legal maxim—and that it would be inexpedient to indict rowdy students because of "the great intelligence which has come from these institutions of learning for more than two hundred years."

If a party of common unlettered young rowdies were to assault with noxious fumes a meeting of peaceable persons, the general verdict would be that they deserved punishment, whether death ensued or not, and that a sojourn in the common jail would mend their manners. Is the case better or worse when the young rowdy is a lettered person who is presumed to know better how to behave himself, being a student in one of the institutions that have been diffusing intelligence for more than two hundred years? Above all, what is the nature of the college honor that leads a student to skulk from detection when he discovers that a fatal result has followed from his brutal and reckless fun? Youth and high spirits are excuses for many things, but not for behavior that might be expected of sneaking criminals, but never of honest men or scholars or gentlemen.

EXIT FAST-DAY.

Regular meals will be served in Boston hereafter every day in the year. Fast-day is no more, and the intermission between beans will not exceed six hours except at night. Boston is becoming more and more like other towns. It is in a way a good thing that such a similarity should obtain and grow; but, oh, would that the change might have come a little differently, and that it might have been possible to say that other towns were growing more and more like Boston!

Except in so far as it eliminates a feature that was Bostonian, and therefore instinctively admired by other cities, there is little in the abolition of Fast-day to regret. In Massachusetts the day had lost its old-time significance. The Puritan State long since ceased to feel that it had any need to fast on its own account, and it lacked the requisite altruism to fast for the shortcomings of its neighbors. It is years since there has been any noticeable refusal of food in Massachusetts on Fast-day. The day had become perverted from the pious uses to which its originators dedicated it, and was merely a holiday whereon the young and vigorous played baseball or went twice to the theatre. The churches (some of them) were open, but attendance on them was scant. People who could went into the country, and other people shamelessly encouraged one another to have as much fun as possible in town. The day had become so hopelessly and irredeemably secularized that it was self-evident that its name ought to be changed to suit its altered character. As a day of popular abasement it had ceased to work, but as a holiday it was prized. Accordingly, the holiday has been retained, but with a new date. April 19th, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, has been freed from the primal curse by the General Court. Massachusetts men need not work hereafter on that day unless they choose. If there is any spring abroad at that date they are at liberty to go out and inspect it, and they are free to eat and drink and play baseball and go to shows without compunction, or any sense of inconsistency between the day they celebrate and the fashion of their celebration.

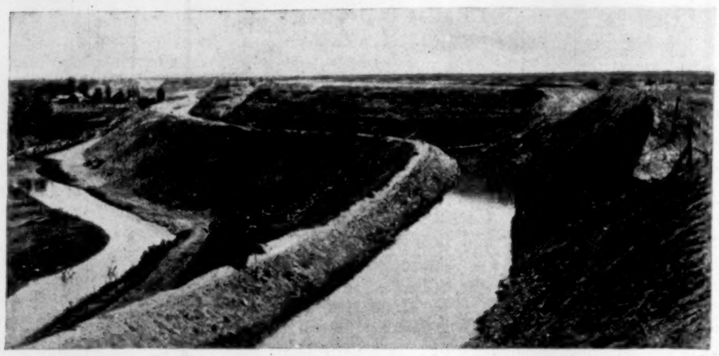
Massachusetts has done well. When the inevitable becomes notorious it is seemly to recognize it. Good-Friday is the most convenient fast-day for Christians, and there is no longer any special prejudice in New England against its observance. It will take the place of Fast-day with the more spiritually minded of the population, and for the others the new spring holiday will answer better than the old.

THE IRRIGATION CONVENTION.

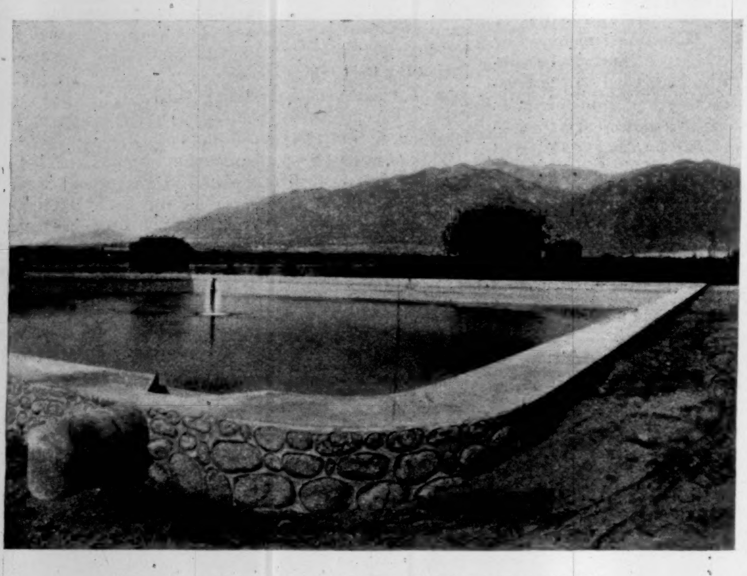
BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL,

DIRECTOR UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

IN October last an International Irrigation Congress assembled at Los Angeles. This convention was attended by delegates not only from all of the trans-Missouri States and Territories but also from various countries in America and Europe. At that time an inter-State organization was perfected for the purpose of holding inter-State and local conventions in the interest of this great Western industry. One convention has since been held in New Mexico and three in Kansas, and now another inter-State convention is called to meet at Omaha on the 21st instant.



BRANCH OF IDAHO CANAL, BOISÉ, IDAHO.



RESERVOIR OF WATER FOR A FARM IN CALIFORNIA.

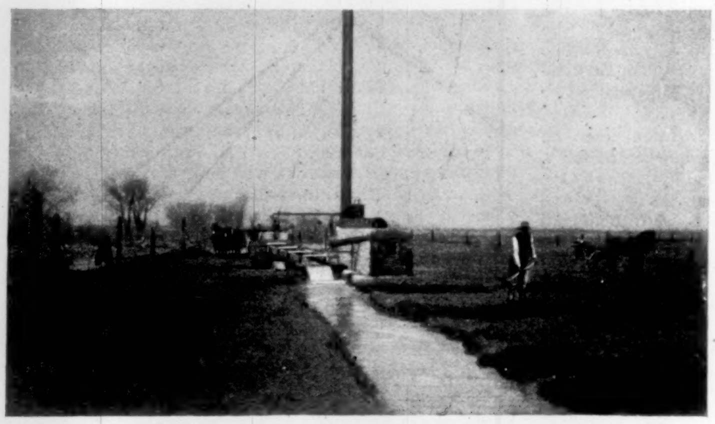
It is thus seen that great interest is taken in this subject throughout the Western half of the United States. This ancient industry is comparatively new in civilized America, but has already attained large proportions. The last census reports an area of nearly four million acres cultivated by irrigation in the trans-Missouri country. A little more than two-fifths of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is either sub-humid or arid. In the sub-humid regions precarious agriculture is possible without an artificial supply of water, but crops very often fail for want of rain, and irrigation is necessary for perennial success. In the arid region all agriculture depends on irrigation.

The subject is, therefore, one of prime importance to the farmers throughout a vast region. The water used for fertilizing their crops must be taken from the streams and from underground supplies. The streams must be turned from their natural channels by diverting dams, and carried to the farming lands by canals. As the season of irrigation is short, and the waters run all the year round, the streams would go to waste nine or ten months in the year if their waters were not caught and held in great reservoirs or artificial lakes. Extensive hydraulic works must therefore be constructed as a prerequisite to agriculture, and farming must be associated with engineering of the highest order to control and conduct water from river to field and from lake to garden. A small supply is taken from underground resources; then pump wells must be sunk and pumping-engines be manipulated to attain success. Where irrigation is dependent upon artesian wells a third form of irrigation industry is developed.

We are told that "a river went out of Eden to water the Garden." So every garden, vineyard, and field of the arid region must have a river or a well upon which it may depend for its fertilization.

To irrigate the great area of land already under canals, and the still greater areas for which the people of the West are planning, a new science must be taught, with three great factors, one depending upon a knowledge of the principles of the laws of climate, another depending upon the art of engineering, and still another depending upon the art of intensive agriculture. It is not strange, therefore, that the subject should receive such profound attention as it does throughout the Western half of the United States.

The general government now owns a little more than sixty million acres of humid lands. Of these, nineteen million acres are scattered in Minnesota, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Florida—lands that are often low and need drainage, or are sandy and covered with heavy timber. More than forty million acres of humid lands are yet to be found in Washington, Oregon, and California, in the main covered with dense forests of gigantic trees; in order to utilize these for agriculture the forests must be cleared away, which involves a comparatively large expense. About five hundred million acres of sub-humid and arid lands yet remain in the hands of the government and open for settlement; but large tracts of the arid and sub-humid region have already passed from the hands of the government into the hands of individuals, and in general these individual holdings lie along the watercourses, so that titles to most of the irrigable lands have passed from the United States to individuals. But there are some million acres yet to be sold that can be irrigated. The question of redeeming the arid lands by an artificial supply of water is, therefore, in the main a question of interest to the people holding irrigable lands, and through them to the people at large. The extent to which the public lands can be irrigated is a subject of direct importance to the entire nation.



PUMPING WATER FOR IRRIGATION, GREELEY, COLORADO.

If the convention at Omaha takes the course that the other conventions have taken, a great variety of subjects will be discussed. Climate as affected by rainfall, evaporation, altitude, and latitude will challenge attention, the great problems of hydraulic engineering will be presented, the best methods of distributing the waters to the lands will be discussed, and ways and means for raising the millions of dollars which must be invested antecedent to the cultivation of the soil will occupy a good share of the time of the assembly.

A fifth question, which is of paramount importance, is now looming up, and will probably receive attention. When lands are irrigated by streams, the rains of a great district are caught above the streams and diverted below upon the lands. These great districts are known as catchment areas. Now in sub-humid or arid lands the catchment area must be ten times, or even a hundred times, as large as the irrigated area below. In these catchment areas the farmers are immediately interested to protect them from destruction or injury, and preserve them unimpaired as feeders of water to their farms and gardens. To a large extent these catchment areas are in the possession of the government. The water which they supply can be increased or diminished by proper or improper management, and the opinion is growing that the catchment areas should be under the control of the farmers themselves. These catchment areas also furnish a scant pasturage for flocks and herds. They are also valuable for the growth of timber for firewood and lumber, and are sometimes already covered with forests, and by proper management these forests could be increased.

No industrial or political conventions of the day call out a greater variety of talent or engage the energies of a greater body of expert scholars. Interest in this subject is not confined to the sub-humid and arid regions of the West, but is extending over the whole country and to Europe, for it is found that everywhere, even in humid lands, intensive agriculture can be promoted by drainage and irrigation.

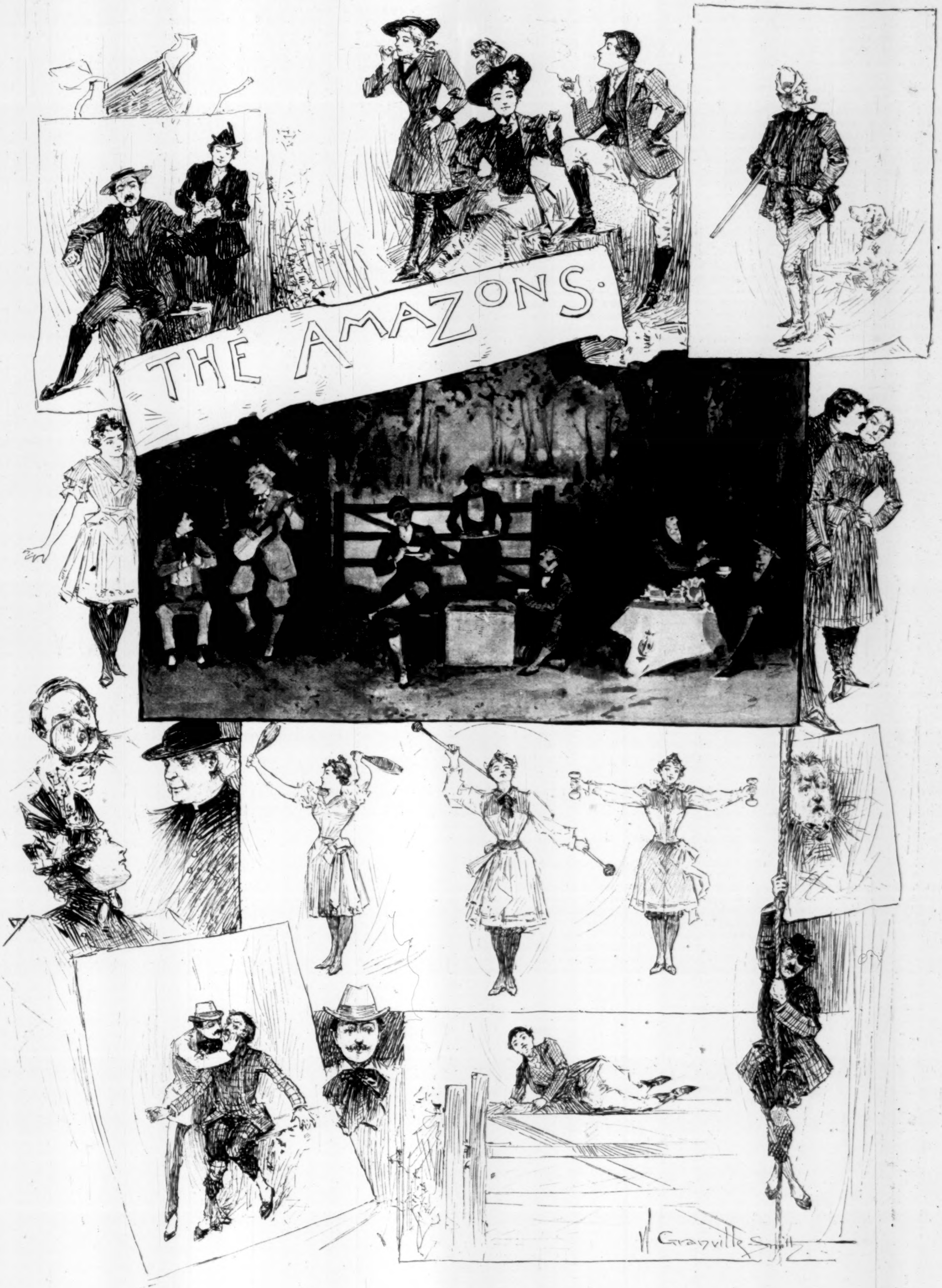
Descending from the Rocky Mountains eastward, the arid lands gradually merge into the sub-humid, and near the ninety-seventh meridian the sub-humid lands merge into those known as humid. The western zone of the humid lands has a scant supply of water, its annual rainfall varying from about twenty inches to more than thirty. Under these conditions excessively humid seasons are rare, but excessively dry seasons are frequent, so that the farmers of central North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and on southward to the Rio Grande, though able to secure reasonably good crops without irrigation, have learned from the experience of the farther West that they can increase their returns from the soil by intensive agriculture through the agency of an artificial supply of water. Doubtless the convention at Omaha will give much time to this subject, as did the Wichita convention.

BRANCH OF BELMONT CANAL, NEBRASKA.

"THE AMAZONS."

ARTHUR W. PINERO is the one English dramatist of these days who has tried to make us respect farce. He has scarcely given to it dignity, and, indeed, dignity in farce would not be respected. His comic plays are as frolicsome and buoyant, as full of the spirit of irresponsible fun, as Bisson's in France, or as Maddison Morton's one-act pieces that served to prepare the minds of play-goers in the last generation for the tragedy or melodrama that followed them. When Mr. Pinero writes farce he is a thorough farceur, not a mere dramatic artisan wearing the sock for a change, and putting together in a slightly new form the old situations and conventions of the comic stage. These he sometimes uses, of course, and his skill in using them is superior, but he can keep the soberest mind diverted with less of the common artifice and obvious device of farce-making than any of his contemporaries.

We have seen all of his farces in New York, beginning with *The Magistrate*, and the fact that none of them has been nearly so successful here as *The Amazons*, now on view at the Lyceum Theatre, is due partly to the purely local and insular quality of their satire. That is not a fault; all farce belongs more closely to its time and place than comedy, much more than tragedy or melodrama. Mr. Pinero has treated with ironical playfulness, in these lighter pieces, social conditions and prejudices existing only in the London of to-day. Of course these are in a way comprehended here, but not enough to make his sportive treatment of them diverting on its own account to the mass of American playgoers, who find their fun of this quality in the cruder, broader, but not less truthful caricatures of Mr. Harrigan, Mr. Hoyt, and their imitators. The few who go to the theatre so much that the mere quality of a play interests them more than its subject, and to whom rare ingenuity, adroitness, and rich resource in a playwright's work appeal irresistibly, were delighted with the droll exaggerations of British character in *Dandy Dick*, and found nothing more


THE AMAZONS.
W Granville Smith

SKETCHES FROM A. W. PINERO'S PLAY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.
Drawn by W. Granville Smith.

laughable in the stage fun of its brief hour than the trouble about the pudding in *The Schoolmistress.* Even *The Cabinet Minister*, in which the satire is still more exclusively of London for London, found a few appreciative minds here, though in its short run most of its wit and humor passed for nothing. Now *The Amazons* is as light in substance, as slender in plot, as fragile, airy, and whimsical, as that deft and delicate satire of English high life.

It has been said that the rare merit of Mr. Pinero's farces lies in the fact that "there is nothing that we can utterly reject as impossible either in their starting-point or in their development." That is Mr. William Archer's idea, and it was Mr. Daly's in regard to *The Cabinet Minister*, and it may be true of *The Amazons.* I shall not attempt to argue that point; but it seems to me that the charm of *The Amazons*, or one of its charms, is its delightful impossibility. The author calls it a "farcical-romance," and the way it is done at the Lyceum that combination of generally unrelated words seems to mean something. It has all the mockery of farce combined with romantic sentiment, which, if not fervidly expressed, is pervasive and appreciable. Much of its extraordinary success here, however, is due to odd circumstances. The splendid company of Mr. Daniel Frohman is associated chiefly in the public mind with domestic drama dealing with the struggles, misunderstandings, and heart-aches of folks in affluent circumstances—the kind of plays which the late Mr. Boucicault classified as "society drama." *The Wife*, *The Charity Ball*, *The Idler*, and *Lady Bountiful*—one of Mr. Pinero's serious works—are the plays they have hitherto performed with perfect skill. They had had a shy or two at farce before their present venture, but with no result worth considering. They do everything they undertake well, as becomes a good stock company, but the public has been of one mind in regard to their proper field.

When, therefore, they carried one of their frequently over-critical and deplorably blasé "first-night" audiences into an ecstasy of delight with this frolicsome fantasy, a degree of public curiosity was aroused which was alone sufficient to give the play a long run. There are other reasons, too. The younger ladies of the company dress as boys. This is an oddity that tends to make *The Amazons* positively "sensational" at the Lyceum, whereas if the play had been produced by a "special" company at a "combination" house it would have counted for very little. In this age of silk tights and female performances of Shakespeare's plays, the sight of three pretty women in knickerbockers and riding-boots would not be an extraordinary attraction, unless, as in this case, the ladies happened to be actresses long associated with the sweetest and tenderest kind of feminine sentiment, and always the latest fashions in gowns.

The acting in *The Amazons*, apart from these "sensational" attributes, is exquisitely harmonious, and distinguished by individual ability of a high order. Miss Cayvan, as the eldest daughter of Lady Castlejordan, brought up as the eldest son, is quite as agreeable and expressive as when she plays the patient ill-used wife or the long-slighted amiable maiden, and her success is shared by Misses Tyree and Florence as the other feminine youngsters. Mr. Gottschalk, who is only temporarily of the company, fits to perfection his part as the degenerate scion of Norman invaders, while a triumph of comic acting, art pure and simple, is secured by Mr. Fritz Williams in a rather conventional rôle, a volatile French youth whose assurance exceeds his English and his courage. Mr. Kelcey and Mr. and Mrs. Walcot are happily placed, and the frolic that arises from Lady Castlejordan's plan of bringing up her three girls as if they were boys has a rich and satisfying pictorial background, particularly in the park scene, where two-thirds of the action passes. Ingenuity and good taste can do no more for any play, in short, than Mr. Frohman has done for *The Amazons*, which, if only farce, is of a quality uncommon in a day when farce dominates.

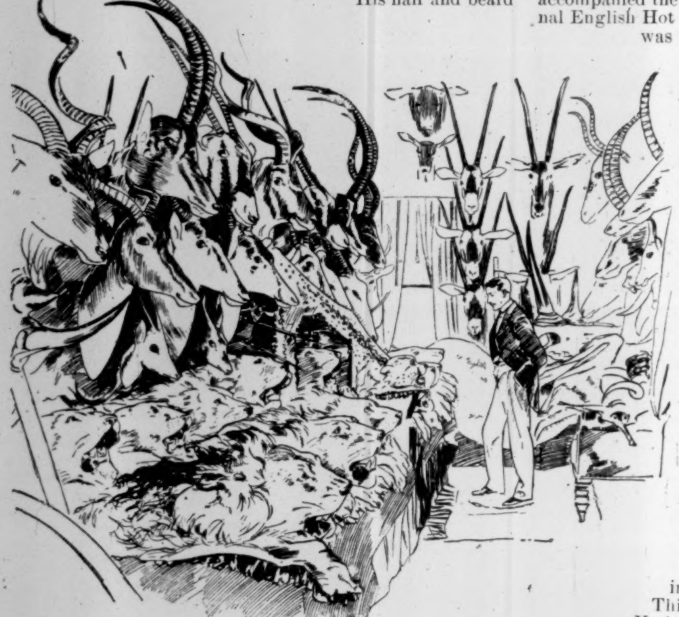
EDWARD A. DITHMAR.

A SLAYER OF LIONS.

WHEN Rider Haggard wrote his story of adventure in the African bush, he made famous the name of "Allan Quatermain," making him a king among the hunters of African big game. Before his mind's eye, as he wrote, Mr. Haggard must have had the figure of F. C. Selous (pronounced Selou), the subject of this sketch, as interesting and as picturesque a character in some ways as we ever run across in fiction.

No man ever lived, probably, before whose rifle have fallen so many of the great beasts of central and southern Africa. And no man probably ever had the same reputation for cool intrepid daring and steady nerve and judgment as a hunter that Mr. Selous now enjoys.

A strongly knit lithe figure, with a constitution hardened by exposure and toughened by twenty years of hardship and adventure in the wilds, Mr. Selous "looks the part." His hair and beard are crispened by the scorching African sun, and he has the clear gray eye of the born hunter. Reticent upon his own exploits, he could tell, if he chose, stories by the score that would make a library of adventures. Of him it may be said "he never turned his back upon a friend." Caffre gun-boy or sporting nobleman, Mr. Selous has risked his life for both; and he has glanced many times along his rifle-barrel at a charging elephant or a lion at bay, when a moment's faltering meant death to one of his followers or himself. So much for the man.



A BIG BAG OF GAME

No less than one hundred and nine elephants have rolled over before him. Hippopotami, giraffe, buffalo, zebra, and the numberless antelopes of the African plains make up a list, numbering in the neighborhood of three thousand head, of what may be classed "big game." For years Mr. Selous was a collector for various museums, and possesses himself a wonderful collection of heads and trophies of his own unaided prowess. The accompanying illustration, which shows the interior of Mr. Selous's smoking-room at Wargrave, may give some small idea of the varied number of these trophies. But it is the lions especially that are interesting. There are twenty-five of them, with great massive heads and gleaming teeth, fierce-looking beasts, and every one of them killed by the quiet, wiry little man who smokes his pipe quietly as he shows them to you, and chats in an easy unaffected way. Twenty-five lion stories all in a row, and he dismisses them with a few words; for, unlike many other great hunters, he makes light of his exploits.

"It's a great mistake," he once said, "to suppose that I'm a great hunter. I've killed animals only as I wanted them." Perhaps, as some one has suggested, if they wanted *him* very badly, he would change this little rule, which may account for a few of the lions. Thus he spoke of a lioness that showed a desire for close quarters (she charged down upon him as he was reloading his rifle). "I don't remember how near she got," he said; "but her loud purring sounded unpleasantly close." Unpleasantly close indeed! Mr. Selous is like the modest gentleman who found himself in a tiger's den, and when asked how long it took him to get away, replied, "The time wasn't worth the mention." There is room for a book by Mr. Selous. Why does not some publisher get hold of him; he would write hunting stories in a brand-new style.

The strange-looking, handsome horns along the wall are those of the eland, sable antelope, gemsboc, rudbuck, blue wildebeest, tsessehe, spring-buck, impala, duiker, orili, klip-springer, lechwe, and pooko—strange names and strange-looking creatures, with oddly twisted, formidable horns. The largest one is a koodoo. In 1891 Mr. Selous shot a lion in the Hurtly Hills, Mashonaland, that weighed four hundred and eight pounds. He presented the skull to the South Kensington Museum. Old King Lo Bengula, who lately has been attracting attention, once presented Mr. Selous with one of the largest lion skins of which there is any record. The skin measured eleven feet nine inches from tip of nose to tip of tail. One of the guns that Mr. Selous used when he first went hunting ivory is carefully preserved by him, and has brought to its owner many pounds sterling in the course of its active career. It is a short clumsy looking weapon weighing sixteen pounds, of Dutch make, and is a four-bore. About this gun there is a curious entry in Mr. Selous's diary, reading thus:

> "*Monday, August 24th.*—Shot two elephant cows.
>
> "*Tuesday.*—Went to chop out the tusks of the two elephants, but found that one had got up in the night and gone off. As I gave her two four-ounce balls behind the head as she lay upon the ground, I cannot understand it at all. Followed the spoor until sundown, and did not get back to the river until midnight, half dead from thirst."

We understand that the great hunter now uses a more modern gun.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

AND SOME OF ITS ANCIENT CUSTOMS AND ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.

"Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!"
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV., Sc. 5.

THE Hot Cross-bun of Good-Friday is the most popular and the most enduring of the symbols of old times, and of old religions, which the Reformation left in England, and which Puritanism preserved in the New World. In Catholic days, in the mother country, the Hot Cross-bun was a time-honored indulgence after the rigorous fast, which was universally enjoined; although it seems to have been a local rather than a national form of diet. In some counties it appears to have been unknown, while in others it was as inevitable as was the plum-pudding at Christmas. Brand in his *English Antiquities* has shown that Hot Cross-buns were made in Britain long before the Romish priest or the mass-book appeared there. They were then eaten in honor of Diana at her annual festival, held soon after the vernal equinox; and he infers that the outcast priests of Baal, who accompanied the Phœnicians into England, baked the original English Hot Cross-bun. It was round and sweet, and it was marked with a cross, dividing it into four equal parts, to indicate the four quarters of the moon, Diana being the Sweet Queen of the Night; or else it was stamped with crescents for the same reason; and that these crescents were crossed is not improbable. Other authorities believe the Hot Cross-bun to be based upon the ecclesiastical consecrated loaves which were bestowed by the Church of Rome as alms, or were given to those who, for some reason, could not receive the host. They were made of the dough from which the host itself was taken, and they were distributed among the people by the priests after mass. Like the buns of the present day, they bore the sign of the cross.

In the Museo Lapidario of the Vatican, in Rome, is a tablet supposed to represent the five barley loaves. They are round cakes marked with a cross. It has been suggested that these loaves are representative of a pagan practice—that of presenting cakes to Astarte, to whom, as we are told by the Prophet Jeremiah, the Jewish women offered cakes and poured wine—"When we burned incense to the queen of heaven, and poured out drink-offerings unto her, did we make her cakes to worship her, and pour out drink-offerings unto her, without our men?"

This cake was called *boun* or *bun*, and the Vatican bun in question is also said to contain a rude representation of the two small fishes out of which so much was made. But nevertheless does the weight of evidence seem to be with those who affirm that the Hot Cross-bun is a survival of heathen times, when the people in their blindness bowed down to gods of wood and stone.

In an old book entitled *A Month in Yorkshire* is the statement that "biscuits baked on Good-Friday would keep good all the year, and a person ill with flux had only to swallow one grated in milk or brandy and water, and recovery was certain." It also adds that "clothes hung out to dry on Good-Friday would, when taken in, be found to be spotted with blood."

Hot Cross-buns were also considered infallible, for their astringent qualities, in Leicestershire, until a few years ago, but always accompanied by a dose of port wine and spice.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, April 4, 1863, *apropos* of the curative qualities of Hot Cross-buns, says: "A lady inquired of a laborer's wife [in Warwickshire] how her neighbor's little son was. And the latter replied that he had been very poorly with the bowel-complaint, and nothing his mother gave him did him any good. 'So,' she continued, 'I took a piece of Good-Friday bread, and grated some of it into a little brandy. The child took it, and it cured him.' 'Good-Friday bread! and what is that?' inquired the lady, who received for answer: 'Bread made and baked on Good-Friday; it never goes mouldy, and is very useful, grated in brandy, as a medicine. The piece I have now has been baked seven or eight years. It is quite good, but very dry. I remember my mother having some that had been made more than twenty years. I always keep it wrapped in paper in a box upstairs.'"

How far the brandy gilds the bread-pill is not suggested. Some of the boys who were brought up on Captain Marryat will remember that the ship's doctor in *Newton Forster, or the Merchant Service*, had a patient on a long voyage who insisted upon eating the squares of gingerbread which she had brought with her as the only *panacea* for seasickness. These he carefully administered to her, but in the shape of pellets about the size of fine shot; and in three days he had the satisfaction of seeing her walking the deck with the second mate, entirely recovered. The second mate, it may be stated, was his rival in her affections.

In some of the Cornish farm-houses even to this day the Good-Friday bun may be seen hanging to the bacon-rack, slowly drying up and diminishing, until it is replaced by a fresh cake on the return of the season. It is considered a sovereign remedy for all the diseases that human, or brute, flesh is heir to; and a little bit of it grated into a warm mash has been given, within the memory of men still living, to a sick cow.

The London *Times* in 1874 printed a long description of an observance upon the Good-Friday of that year, which, although not English, is perhaps worth condensing. It seems that a crowd of sailors from the Portuguese and from certain of the South American vessels in the London Docks observed their annual custom of flogging Judas Iscariot. At daybreak a block of wood, roughly carved to imitate the Betrayer, and clothed in an ordinary sailor's suit, with a red worsted cap on its head, was hoisted by a rope around its neck to the fore-rigging. After chapel the several crews returned to the docks, lowered the figure, cast it into the Thames, and ducked it three times. It was then hoisted on board, kicked about the decks, and lashed to the capstan. The men, who by this time seem to have worked themselves into a state of frenzy, then knotted ropes with which they whipped the effigy until every vestige of its clothing had been cut to tatters. The various captains during the operation served grog to their own men, the ships' bells rang a discordant clatter, and the on-lookers kept up a rude chant, intermixed with denunciations of the false Disciple. The ceremony ended, said the *Times*, with the burning of the effigy, amid the jeers of the crowd.

Hone, in his *Year Book*, records a similar performance during the first decade of the century; and no doubt it was of yearly occurrence. It probably suggested to the amiable and ingenious Mr. Quilp his eccentric treatment of the wooden figure-head of a ship which once ornamented his river-side abode. He was familiar with the peculiar habits and customs of foreign sailors, on account of his business, and long residence among them, and it adds a new and timely interest to *The Old Curiosity Shop* to think that he was simply imitating the Good-Friday "flogging of Judas" when he battered the great goggle-eyed, blunt-nosed image, which looked like a goblin or a hideous idol, and which he declared to look like his enemy Kit. He accompanied himself with a monotonous vocal wail, which swelled into a dismal roar, and he did not cease his operations until the perspiration streamed down his face with the violence of the exercise. "I bought the dog yesterday," he remarked to Mr. Brass. "I've been screwing gimlets into him, and sticking forks in his eyes, and cutting my name on him. I mean to burn him at last." Brass considered it extremely entertaining indeed. And so it must have been.

Pepys has something to say about the observance of Good-Friday in King Charles II.'s reign. In 1661 he "dined with Sir W. Batten; all fish dinner, it being Good-Friday." In 1663 he wrote: "It being Good-Friday, our dinner was only sugar and sopps and fish; the only time we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent." On Good-Friday the next year he "supped on wiggs and ale," wiggs being a sort of cake, from *wig*, a wedge, and no doubt Hot Cross-buns.

In 1665 Pepys wrote that he went to Lady Sandwich's, "where [was] my wife all this day, having kept Good-Friday very strict with fasting. Here we supped and talked *very merry*." The *italics* are not his own.

On Good-Friday, 1672, Evelyn, on the other hand, recorded that he "went to see the fopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the French Ambassador had caused to be represented our Blessed Saviour, with his Disciples, in figures and puppets, made as big as the life, of wax-work, curiously clad, and sitting round a large table, the room nobly hung and shining with innumerable lamps and candles. This was exposed to all the world; all the city came to see it; such liberty had the Roman Catholics at this time obtained."

On the Good-Friday of 1684, said the same diarist, "there was such a concourse of people [at Whitehall] with their children to be touched for the Evil that six or seven were crushed to death by pressing at the chirurgeon's door for tickets." Charles had been touched for his own Evil before the arrival of the next Good-Friday; and a worse Evil than Charles reigned in his stead.

Two very ancient and interesting Good-Friday customs were observed in London, according to the *City Press*, as late as 1887. The first was at St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield, where at half past eleven of the clock, A.M., twenty-one of the oldest widows in the parish picked up, each, a new sixpence from an old tomb in the church-yard; the peculiar and, to the old women, not unprofitable observance having existed for over four hundred years, although nobody now knows why. The second took place at All-hallows, Lombard Street, when sixty of the youngest of the boys connected with the Bluecoat School were presented, each, with a new penny and a bag of raisins. This was in pursuance of a bequest contained in the last will and testament of one Peter Symonds, who died in 1665. One William Petts—both of that parish—added, as follows, to the bequest in 1692: "That ye minister who preaches ye sermon before ye boys on Goode Friday shall receive 20*s.*; ye clerke, 4*s.*; and ye sexton, 3*s.* 6*d.*" Whether the rest of the congregation were invited to put anything into the plate is not recorded; and the Hot Cross-bun was evidently neglected on each occasion.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS.

BENEATH the dancers' feet the floor
Thrilled with their pleasure; like to lead
My heart was. In the house next door
My neighbor's little child lay dead.

T. B. A.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A GOOD fight makes first-rate reading, particularly when there is something worth fighting about. Any one who recognizes that, and has compunctions about reading reports of ordinary slugging matches, can gratify his natural propensities without sin by looking up in the New York newspapers the narrative of the encounter between policeman Tate and longshoreman Guinan. It happened on the evening of Saturday, the 3d of March. Longshoreman Guinan is big and strong and a brute. On that Saturday he came home in a bad humor, and began to fill himself with whiskey and to abuse his wife. The more whiskey he drank, the more dissatisfied he grew. Presently he began to break dishes. His wife picked up the pieces. Then he grabbed his two-year-old baby daughter out of her bed and started out, followed by his wife, on a tour of the saloons. There is not room here to tell all the story—how he carried the baby from saloon to saloon, and how the little child slept beside him while he ate and drank, and the mother watched them from a distance. Perhaps you read in the *Sun*, as I did, how his wife begged him to give her the baby, and how he knocked her down with his fist and drove her off. Then wandering on through the streets from one drinking-place to another, presently he turned off toward the docks. Restaurant-keeper Wolz followed him, and as they came near Pier 28, Wolz saw policeman Charles H. Tate, and put him too on Guinan's trail. Policeman Tate is big, very big, and strong and bold. "Why don't you go home with that child?" he said. "I'm going to put her to sleep," said Guinan, "and then I'll come back and put you to sleep." With that he ran down the pier, Tate after him. Nearing the end, he threw the baby ahead of him; but she struck the string-piece, and didn't fall in. Then Guinan turned and rushed on Tate. It was a fight to have done your heart good. There was not nearly enough of it in the *Sun*—only about two sticks of actual fighting—but it almost turns into Homeric poetry as you read. And it all turned out beautifully. Tate thrashed the longshoreman one round with his fists, and the next two or three with fists and club, and had got him reduced to a tolerable pulp, and chain "nippers" on him, when four other policemen came to help; and it was as well they did, for Guinan broke the nippers on the way to the station-house, and required more thrashing, and more again at the station-house while being taken to his cell.

And the baby seems not to have been damaged. Think of a man who would want to drown a girl baby twenty-one months old! Dear! dear!

Here's looking toward you, policeman Tate; and—oh my!—to have sat on the string-piece of Pier 28, and held the poor baby while you mauled the longshoreman, what a complex and enviable delight that would have been to any normal father's heart!

A correspondent of a Boston contemporary denies the allegation of another correspondent that the aim of the author of the *Heavenly Twins* was to show how bad men are. She points out that there are only two particularly objectionable men in the book (and one of these is not so desperately bad), while there are a number of tolerable men, and half a dozen extra good ones. The book, she says, does not concern men, but is altogether intended for the enlightenment and education of women.

It is proper that this view of the mission of the *Twins* should be recognized, if only out of consideration for the husband of the author. Very little is known about that gentleman as yet, and not many intimations concerning him have yet got into print. But it can hardly be doubted that many thousand readers have said to themselves as they laid the *Twins* down, "What a lamentably perverse gentleman that Mr. Grand must be!" This may not be an unnatural conclusion, but it is rash, and reflection does not confirm it. Mr. Grand is understood to be a military man; and his wife, who has dwelt with him at divers military stations, has doubtless had chances to become familiar with many varieties of the British bad man without studying him under her own roof.

At the printers' meeting in memory of Mr. George W. Childs, the Hon. Amos Cummings characterized Mr. Childs' pen-picture of Anthony Drexel as a "masterpiece of tender Anglo-Saxon." The panegyric which Mr. Cummings praised formed part of the article on Mr. Drexel contributed by Mr. Childs last July to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Is the middle initial really such a distinctive characteristic of American names? The American in the English novels is always Silas K. Smith or Hosea J. Biglow, and where the middle initial appears it is to be understood by readers that its owner is American.

Yet Englishmen have middle names too. Macaulay was Thomas Babbington; Thackeray was William Makepeace. That Macaulay ever signed himself "Thomas B. Macaulay," or that his name was ever used to be so written, I do not know, but it does not seem unlikely, and certainly "William M. Thackeray" sounds so familiar that there must be justification for it in fact. "William E. Gladstone" sounds natural too.

Perhaps some authority on Briticisms and Americanisms can inform a questioner what is the common practice of Britons who have three names—whether to sign them all in full, or to sign the first two by the initials only, or two in full and one by its initial. The triply-named American usually indicates two of his names more or less fully, and the other by its initial only. No injustice is done him when he is exhibited in English books as "Jonas P. Quick." The only question is whether the same method is so unusual in England that the use of it fairly attests the Americanism of the user?

Notice is served of the existence of a new and promising English poet in the person of Francis Thompson, who is asserted to have written poetry of true merit in the intervals of a haphazard existence spent in London streets, and nourished by the sparse and uncertain gains of such occupations as selling matches and mediating between cab-drivers and possible fares. He is thirty-two years old, the son of an English physician, and was educated at the Roman Catholic College of Ushaw. Since his poetry began to affect the sensibilities of the British critics he has been lodged in a Capuchin monastery in Wales, where his flights need not be hampered by anxieties about food and shelter. His checkered experiences make him the natural meat of the paragrapher and the writer of personal sketches, but a Boston contemporary advises readers who wish to make his acquaintance to make it through what he has written, and not through what is being written about him.

That is sound advice. What makes a poet truly famous is not so much his processes as his goods. To learn about the man before testing his verses is too much like picking the lock of the safe before you are sure that there are valuables inside.

The purpose of the society called "The Army and Navy Auxiliary" is to supply to army posts and to war-ships the more necessary materials for the maintenance of religious and social life among enlisted men. The funds which the society derives from membership fees and dues and from the gifts of its supporters are spent for pianos and cabinet organs for use aboard ship and at army posts, and for books and papers, both for use in public worship and as general reading matter. The work that the society does is excellent, and though the funds at its command are limited, its expenditures are so judicious that a little money is made to go very far toward promoting the spiritual interests of the men in both branches of the service. The society gets its name "Auxiliary" from the fact that it is an offshoot of an organization called "The Ladies' Mission School Association," started some years ago in Albany. The growth and present importance of its work prompt it now to strike out for itself and become an independent society, with the same aims as hitherto, but with possibly a change of name. Its purpose is admirable and its methods excellent, and persons interested in the welfare of enlisted men in the army and navy may be sure that money contributed to it will be wisely and effectively used. The officers of the society are wives and daughters of officers resident in Washington. The treasurer is Mrs. F. E. Chadwick, 929 Farragut Square, Washington, D. C.

It is rumored, with how much truth I do not know, that the most splendid club-house in New York is by no means the one most haunted of its owners. It may easily be true, for, indeed, to the unimproved mind, to loiter in a two-million-dollar club-house seems a species of delight not remotely akin to the joy of wearing cloth-of-gold trousers. Magnificence is much more expensive than comfort, but whether or not it is really as solid is a question on which some New York builders of the last decade are likely to meditate. It is a comfort to remember in these hard times that both the Metropolitan Club and the Waldorf Hotel belong to gentlemen who will not suffer even if some of their investments do not pay.

Many felicities have attended the retirement of Professor George Martin Lane, so long Harvard's chief interpreter of the Latin classics. No one, except perhaps Mr. Gladstone, who has retired this year, has carried out quite so large a sheaf of testimonials as Professor Lane. There has been much to say about him, and a large proportion of it has been said, and it has all been pleasant to say, and no doubt satisfactory to hear. But perhaps the greatest felicity about Professor Lane's retirement is that it is so incomplete. As Pope Professor Emeritus he will still throw such light on the classical pathway as he finds convenient, and for years to come ambitious Latin scholars will be loath to graduate without some share in the benefits of his genial erudition.

The Harvard *Crimson* is in luck. Professor Norton found among Mr. Lowell's papers a collection of scraps and notes of the lectures that Mr. Lowell gave while he was a Harvard professor. These Mr. Norton has offered to the *Crimson* for publication, and, needless to say, the *Crimson* has accepted them, and will print them in a weekly supplement as long as they last. Inasmuch as these scraps of literature were made for Harvard undergraduates, there is evident propriety in printing them where they will go with the least indirection into undergraduate hands. No doubt when once in print they will be gathered into book or pamphlet form for preservation.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE CHIEF MOURNERS.

IN at least one respect The Bachelor was unique. He spent much of his leisure in a club without becoming a cynic. In fact, his enjoyment of life was such as to rouse the envy of many a domesticated friend whose quiver was full of blessings. He maintained an establishment on the Avenue, where old cronies often met to play whist and enjoy the treasures of a carefully stocked cellar, and on first nights at the opera he always had his box, where he was sure to be the centre of a happy group of friends, either young or old—for you must know he had his full allowance of nephews and nieces, who considered him the dearest of uncles. To his nephews he often gave money to help them out of boyish difficulties, without spoiling his generosity with over-much good advice. To his nieces he gave presents and tips at every opportunity, and in return they fondled and kissed him to their hearts' content.

But a time came when The Bachelor was missed from his place in the club, and there were no more whist parties in his cozy home. Nephews with grave faces and nieces with tear-swollen eyes passed in and out through the doorway, while brisk doctors came and went with ever-increasing frequency. In this way several days passed, till one morning there was crape on the door, and men who were hurrying down town to business said to one another, "'The Bachelor' is dead."

In one of the stateliest mansions on the Avenue an old lady sat behind the curtains watching the cortége pass. The romping children came clattering in to look at the horses and carriages; but seeing grandmamma weeping, they tiptoed away, and soon forgot their awe in the delights of a new game. When the slow procession had passed from sight the old lady rose, and with tottering steps retired to her private room. There she took from an old escritoire a little bundle tied with a piece of ribbon. In it there were several old play-bills and a couple of crumpled letters. For a few moments her tears fell silently as she looked at the faded mementos, then she murmured to herself:

"Perhaps I am wrong in treasuring these things. I loved my husband sincerely, and was happy as his wife, and yet—and yet— There are those who say that even the happiest marriage brings its disappointments. But I know that *he* loved me. When I rejected him he said he could never love again, and he did not. He is dead, and to-day has gone down to a lonely grave—a man who loved but once and forever."

She put away the letters and the old play-bills, and as she dried her eyes there was a glow of happiness on her face; for what greater joy can life give than the knowledge of having been truly loved?

"Alas!" sighed an aged spinster, as in the seclusion of the housekeeper's room, of which she was mistress, she scanned her pinched and withered features in a glass, "one would not think this face had once inspired such love as romancers dream of and poets sing. But twoscore years, with their sorrows, have worked a change;" and she sighed heavily. "Here is the fan he broke when he tried to kiss me that night in the conservatory;" and she fondled it tenderly. "Why was I so proud and coquettish?" she asked herself bitterly. "I drove him from me with my scorn. Why was I too unyielding to beg his forgiveness, and show him that his love was not in vain? When we parted in anger he said he could never love again, and he did not. He died the other day, an old bachelor, and here am I an old maid. Well, people may mock at me, but I am happy in the thought that I have been loved by a man who could love but once and forever."

⁂

In meagrely furnished apartments on the west side an aged woman of still majestic bearing was holding to the light a cluster of diamonds. As the light flashed and danced about the precious gems, her face lit up with memories of other days.

"Those were days of triumph," she murmured. "Night after night the multitudes applauded me. By turns I felt the merry moods of Rosalind, the miseries of Juliet, the sweet sorrows of Viola, the madness of Ophelia. There were lovers in plenty in those days, and rich gifts. He gave me these:

> 'And with them words of so sweet breath composed
> As made the things more rich.'

We were happy in each other's love; but who can bind with the bonds of affection the artist in her hours of triumph? I parted with him lightly, for my path was strewn with roses, and I did not know that his love alone realized the love I nightly pictured in mimic scenes. When we parted he said he could never love again, and he did not. He was buried to-day, and I mourned him too sincerely to mingle my tears with those of people who will cease to sorrow when they divide his wealth. But not even the strong hand of poverty can wrest from me these jewels—the gift of the one man of all the world who loved once and forever."

"Yes, Harry was a prince of good fellows," said one of the oldest members of the club. "I knew him all his life."

"Strange he never married," said another member.

"Yes, I have no doubt it seems so to those who do not know his story."

"Then he had a romance in his life?"

"Yes; and now that he is dead I do not feel I will be doing any wrong to tell why he never married. He and I were playmates, and my youngest sister was often a sharer of our sports. As they grew up together they learned to love each other; but when he and I were in college she died. Harry was heart-broken, and he told me then he could never love again. You know yourselves that he spoke the truth."

All who were of the company admired such devotion, which had once been their own ideal, and felt an uneasy consciousness of how far they had fallen short of it. Each had to confess to himself that he had loved often, and had recovered from heart-breaks with unromantic ease.

When the next Sabbath came the old clubman went out to Greenwood and scattered flowers on the graves of his sister and the faithful bachelor. It made him happy to think he had known one man who loved with the devotion of nobler and earlier ages.

"They must be happy now," he said to himself, as he took a last look at the flower-covered graves, "after having been parted for so many years."

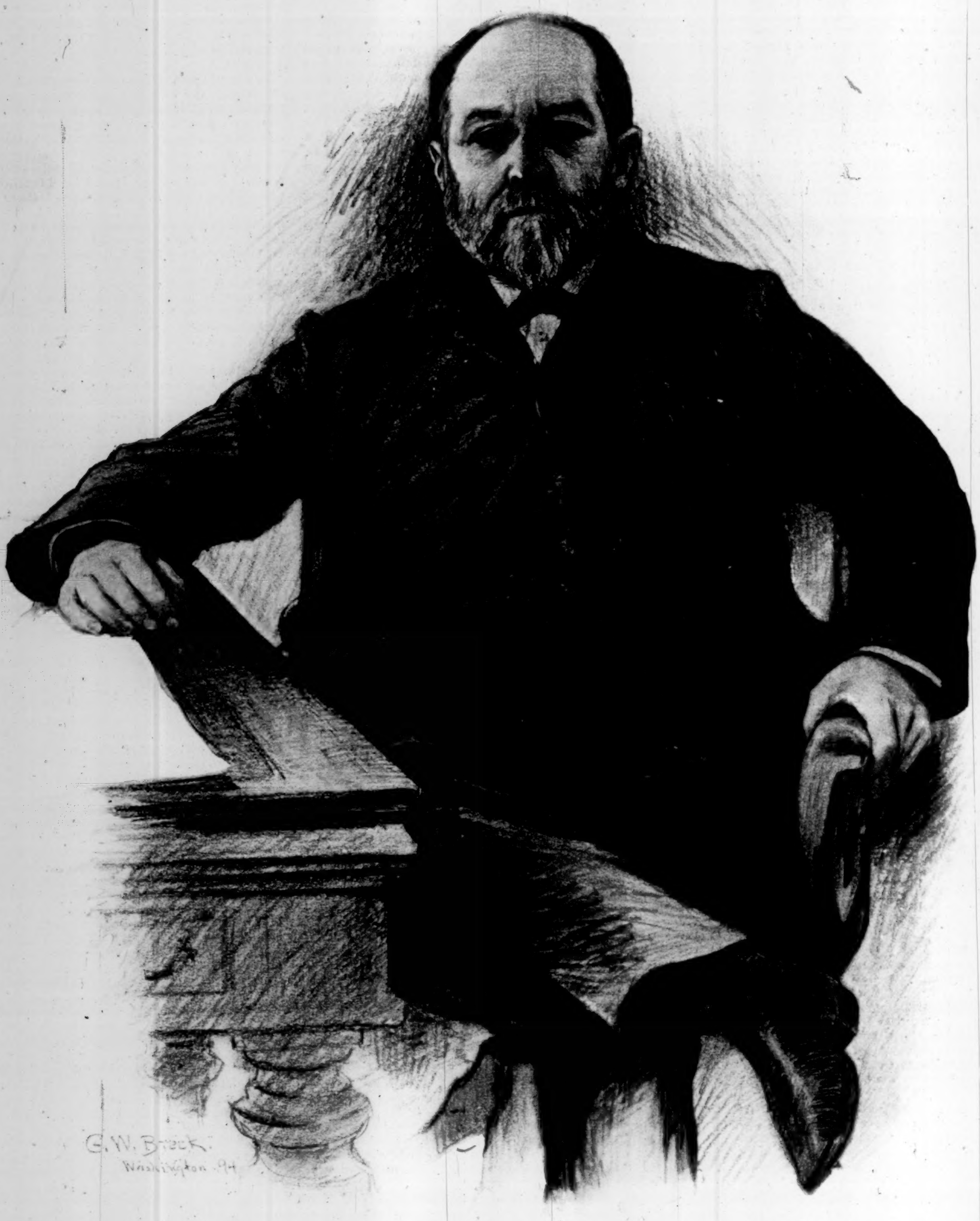
P. MCARTHUR.

CONGRESSMAN BLAND.

BY F. W. TAUSSIG.

RICHARD PARKS BLAND, member of Congress from the Eighth District of Missouri, and chairman of the Committee on Coinage, has been for wellnigh a generation one of the most conspicuous figures in American public life. From the outset of his public career he has been the champion of cheap and plentiful money in every form, and for many years the recognized leader in the House of Representatives of the free-silver wing.

The *Congressional Directory* informs the world that Mr. Bland was born in Kentucky, in 1835, and had an academic education. It is not difficult to read between the lines of that non-committal publication that Mr. Bland is essentially a self-made man. He went to Missouri at an early age, then drifted to the Pacific coast, where he lived some ten years, and after the civil war returned to Missouri. In 1872 he was first elected to Congress as Representative from his present district, and began his service at the extra session called in the fall of 1873. Since that date he has been regularly returned to the House by the same constituency, and now represents it for the eleventh consecutive term. Few members of Congress, if any, can show such a record; and whatever else may be said of Mr. Bland's legislative career, it is certain that he reflects faithfully the wishes and the opinions of his constituents. His district, the Eighth Missouri, lies in the



HON. RICHARD PARKS BLAND.—Drawn from Life by G. W. Breck.

heart of that State, and is almost exclusively agricultural, the only town of importance being Jefferson City, the capital of the State.

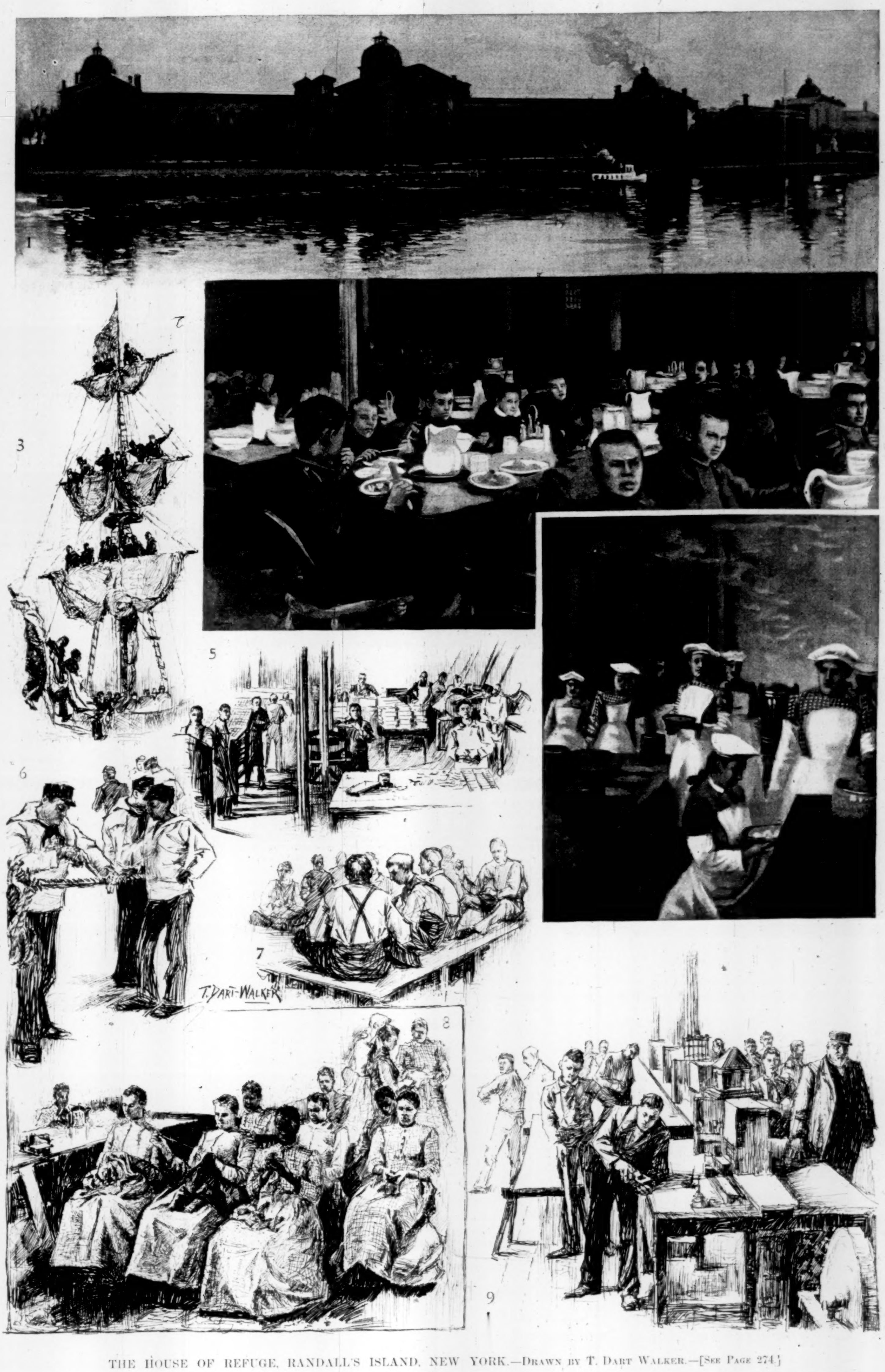
Almost at the very outset of his long legislative career Mr. Bland identified himself with the cause which he has since championed. During his first term the silver question had not become prominent before the public. The cheap-money movement was then directed toward an increase in the quantity of the legal tenders, or greenbacks, which, it must be remembered, were then still pure *fiat* money, and not redeemable in specie. Mr. Bland voted for the famous inflation bill of 1874, which President Grant killed by his veto; and he voted against the act for the resumption of specie payments, passed in 1875. In the next year, 1876, the fall in the price of silver became marked, and the inflationists, beaten on the paper-money question, began to turn their efforts toward the free coinage of the cheaper silver. Mr. Bland introduced at the start what was virtually a bill for the free coinage of silver. A year later, in 1877, Mr. Bland introduced the bill with which his name will always be associated in monetary history—the bill which became the Bland act of 1878. It is part of the irony of fate that this measure, with which his name will probably be always associated, finally took a form highly objectionable to its first proposer. As introduced by Mr. Bland, and as passed by the House of Representatives, it provided for a perfectly free and unlimited coinage of silver. It was amended in the Senate by making the coinage limited, a change which took all the sting out of the measure, and made it, if not unobjectionable, at least comparatively harmless. So amended it was sent back to the House and there passed. President Hayes vetoed it; but in both branches of Congress the necessary two-thirds vote was secured for passing it over the veto. It went upon the statute-book, and remained in force from 1878 until it was superseded by the Sherman act of 1890.

Mr. Bland was far from content with this partial success, and throughout his long Congressional career has persistently urged the free coinage of silver. But he never again won a complete legislative victory. Sometimes the prize has been almost within his grasp; but in the end the sound sense of the people has always defeated his inflationist schemes. In the great contest of last summer he led the forces against the unconditional repeal of silver purchases, and in favor of the free coinage of silver. Probably he made a tactical mistake at that time by offering to modify his scheme through a change in the ratio. From 1878 to 1893 he and his associates had persistently declared for "the dollar of our fathers"; that is, for the silver dollar coined at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. Last summer he admitted that possibly the great depreciation of silver might warrant a change in the ratio, and offered to compromise at a ratio of 17, 18, 19, even 20 to 1. This modification of the original scheme deprived it of any possible patriotic or sentimental association, and was a damaging admission of some difficulties and uncertainties in his case. At all events, Mr. Bland was beaten on every point, and with the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act a death-blow was given to the silver agitation.

In the present session Mr. Bland, beaten in the great battle, is trying to win in a belated skirmish. He has succeeded in passing in the House the seigniorage bill, aptly described as an attempt to coin a vacuum. The demoralization of the Democratic party, and the desire of members to trim their sails so as to show something to their cheap-money constituents, have enabled him to pass the bill in the House, and has brought it through the Senate. But the Executive veto still stands in Mr. Bland's way, and again, we may hope, effectively in his way; and the empty passage of the seigniorage bill by one or two Houses of Congress will be but a sorry consolation for the defeat of the main cause which Mr. Bland has at heart.

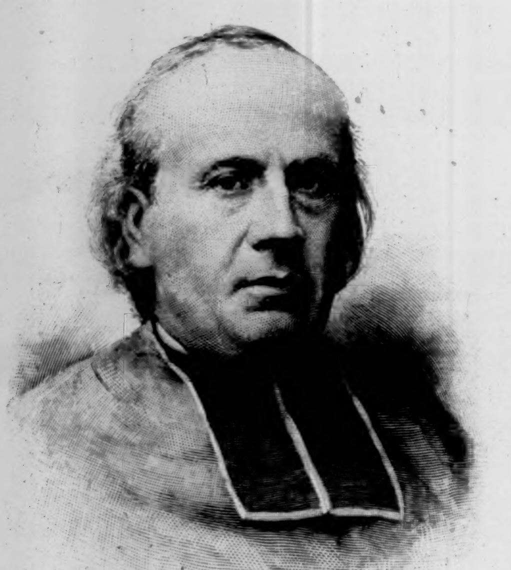
Personally Mr. Bland has his cause much at heart. He is earnest, sincere, and honest in his beliefs. He conceives himself to be the champion of the debtor class, and a crusader against a conspiracy of the wicked bankers and the grasping gold monometallists. He believes, to use his own words, that a system which all trained economists and all intelligent business men believe to be a sound one is "a system of finance that will enable a few controllers of gold to dominate the currency." He has used every shade of argument in favor of his proposals, from the trash of the arrant advocate of pure *fiat* money to the more intelligent arguments which he has learned (especially of late years) from the advocates of international bimetallism; but he has always been true to himself and to his constituents.

In personal appearance and in manners Mr. Bland makes no affectation of polish or of culture. He is a rough and ready man, sometimes almost boorish in speech, but always vigorous and outspoken. In the House and in committee meetings his bearing is that of the rustic politician to whom such conventions as might be expected in the capital of a great civilized country are foreign. Nothing is more significant of Mr. Bland's general attitude on currency questions, and of the almost brutal manner in which he maintains it in public life, than a passage in one of his speeches of 1878, in the early days of his career. Speaking of the silver measure which became finally the act of 1878, and reiterating his oft-expressed conviction that the creditors, especially the government bondholders, were despoiling the debtors, he used the following language: "I give notice here and now that this war shall never cease, so long as I have office in this Congress, until the rights of the people are fully returned, and the silver dollar shall take its place alongside the gold dollar. Meanwhile let us take what we have, ... and if we cannot do that, I am in favor of issuing paper enough to stuff down the bondholders until they are sick." Both the manner and the matter of this utterance are characteristic of Mr. Bland's public career.



THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 274.]

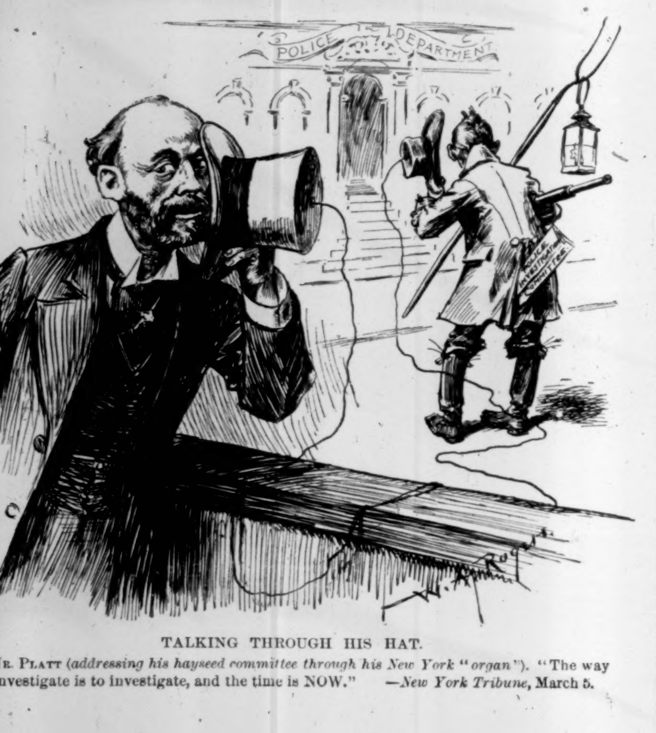
1. The House of Refuge from Foot of East 118th Street. 2. Mess Hall. 3. Furling Sail on the Dummy Ship. 4. Girls' Cooking-Class. 5. In the Printing-Office. 6. Seamanship Class. 7. Tailor-Shop. 8. Sewing-Class. 9. Carpenter-Shop.



CARDINAL THOMAS.

In that venerable Gothic pile the Cathedral of Rouen, when the "psalmistry in stone" of its lofty fluted pillars has wrought its grand impression on one, and when perchance the Gregorian chant of vespers has died away, leaving maybe the odor of incense on the air, a walk through the nave will bring one to the high altar. Passing behind that one finds the place of the cathedral tombs. If you look up you note far above you, and suspended from the high dim roof, dark objects that look like the dusty desiccated remains of giant bats. Most are black with the dust of many decades; but one or two show traces of fading scarlet. These are the hats of dead cardinals of Rouen, hung up as scalps might be in a Sioux tepee, trophies of the great cathedral's might in its war on the evil powers. If ever the old cathedrals send their familiar spirits to a mass-meeting of architectural ghosts at St. Peter's in Rome, be sure they brag to each other of the number of cardinals' hats hanging high and dim in their lofty choirs. A brand-new scarlet hat has doubtless just now been hoisted up in the Cathedral of Rouen to shame its dusty brethren, while the venerable prelate who wore it lies, newly placed, in the stone-hearted vaults beneath. Cardinal Benedict Leo Thomas, Archbishop of Rouen, has been taken to the Lord, having worn his cardinal's hat but fourteen months out of his sixty-eight years of life, ten of which had been passed administering the archiepiscopal see of Rouen.

Cardinal Thomas was born at Paray-le-Monial, in the department of Saône-et-Loire, on May 24, 1826. He entered the priesthood on reaching man's estate, and developing a rare executive ability combined with fine tact, was quickly marked out for promotion. He was soon made Vicar-General of the diocese of Autun. There his qualities, which worked with skill in a certain mundane direction, marked him out for further advancement, and he was nominated Bishop of La Rochelle et Saintes in January, 1867, ascending the episcopal chair in the May following. Honors from Rome itself were not tardy. He was named assistant prelate to the pontifical throne; and Napoleon III., not slow to reward merit in the Church that leaned to the side of imperialism, included Bishop Thomas of Autun in the 15th of August distribution of honors of the year 1869. That was the fête-day of the empire, made splendid in other ways, as the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, July 14th, is under the republic. The Bishop's share that year was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. After Sedan, Bishop Thomas administered his diocese with great discretion, and with a tolerance of the new popular powers that made his promotion to the Archbishopric of Rouen easy when the see fell vacant in March, 1884. But the prelate had higher views and aspired to the cardinalate, as all good bishops may. No doubt his mind had been broadened by events, and in the democratic tendencies of the present Pope he found full warrant for being among the first of the high clergy to rally to the present secular régime. There was no objection from the Palace of the Élysée when Pope Leo elevated the Archbishop to the cardinalate on January 16, 1893. The Cardinal was a man of great piety, as well as rare ability and discretion.



TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT.

Mr. Platt (*addressing his hayseed committee through his New York "organ"*). "The way to investigate is to investigate, and the time is NOW." —*New York Tribune*, March 5.

AT THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

From the foot of 125th Street, East, a little ferry-tug leaves every half an hour, crossing to and fro between Randall's Island and Manhattan. It is but a scant eight hundred feet across the tide-swept Harlem River to the House of Refuge, perhaps the most interesting and successful home for juvenile unfortunates (for they are not all delinquents) in the world.

To tell the truth, it is little known that here on this small island, hardly removed from the noise and dust of the pavement, is the outcome of an experiment, begun almost seventy years ago in what is now the heart of the city—Madison Square. It was moved thence in 1832 to near Twenty-third Street and the East River, and again, twenty-two years later, to the low-lying island at Little Hell Gate and the Harlem.

It was in 1824 that the "Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents" was formed, and in March of the same year the incorporation act was passed by the State Legislature. The charter is unique. Although embracing the character of a public and municipal institution, it maintains the privileges of a private and independent charity organization—this inviolate and perpetual. The managers of the institution serve without remuneration, elect their own officers, associates, successors, and committees, and have charge of its conduct and legislation; to have place on its governing board has been a coveted honor since its inception. As the title distinctly states and not implies, the refuge is a home for juvenile offenders against the law—a semi-penal institution—but this fact is not obtrusive, is becoming less and less so every day, and cannot remain uppermost for an instant in the mind of the casual visitor.

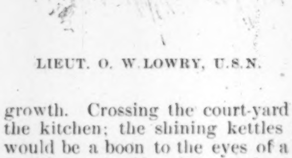
From the time that a boy or girl enters, he or she begins to learn new things, and unlearn, if possible, others. So far as can be, the new inmates are placed in the pursuits best suited to their capabilities and inclinations. The institution is non-sectarian, and no attempt is made to interfere with previous religious training (if any), and ministers of any sect are welcome. At present the number of boys committed to the care of the society is 518, the girls numbering only 63. The sum total of the children received into the refuge from 1825 to the third day of October, 1893, is 24,996. In the last year 360 have been indentured—*i. e.*, apprenticed into good homes in lieu of their having capable or respectable parents.

So much for dry facts and figures. A visit to the island proves most interesting. After leaving the trim little tug at the landing, you walk along a wide asphalt pavement under the branches of tall elm-trees. On either side neat, well-trimmed lawns stretch away, and in summer a fountain dances in the sunlight. Close against the side of the great brick building rise the masts and spars of a ship, with yards and shrouds and complete in every detail. It is used in the out-door instruction of the seamanship class—a most popular branch of the "curriculum" (the expression is quite proper). It is the aim of the society to turn out sailors for our navy and the merchant marine. The instruction is thorough in all the rudiments that can possibly be taught ashore. Under the impetus given to this department by the two naval officers who are practically in charge of the house it has become a special feature, and is most encouragingly successful. As you enter the building you pass the offices, meeting-rooms for the managers, and the library, all free of access from the outside. Then a turnkey admits you through a heavy door at the end of the hall.

It is a large room, with benches against the walls, and some desks behind iron railings, where the uniformed officers and clerks sit at their work. There is a glimpse out of the windows into two spacious, airy court-yards, each one large enough for two football fields. The noise of boys at play and the various shrill whistlings that bespeak light hearts and well-filled jackets greet your ears, for it is just past the meal hour, and although a boy may whistle to keep up his courage, he never does so on an empty stomach. The historic Thomas Tucker only sang, you may remember. But just a glance about the room. Here the boys receive their friends and parents on the visiting-days. Seated on one of the benches a neatly dressed woman and a little girl of eight or nine are talking to a rather decent little chap, who holds the little girl's hand in one of his own. He has chevrons on the sleeves of his rough gray coat, for he is the captain of a company in the first battalion, and his name is on the honor list there on the wall. On another bench a rough laboring-man, one of the class whose thoughts are so hard to guess, sits awkwardly beside a beetle-browed little ruffian without speaking a word. The boy shoots a look at you from his shifty narrow eyes, and munches a huge greasy doughnut in silence.

That military discipline prevails is soon apparent, for a drum rolls, and the boys fall in for their march to the various shops and lessons. And here an odd thing to relate—from the time a boy first takes a place in the refuge and starts in at work, be it in the workshop, greenhouse, or at the printing-presses, he becomes a wage-worker, he begins to earn his pay. It is not very magnificent, but the amount is in proportion to his industry and his ability. Each boy has a task for the day set before him, finishing which satisfactorily, he is credited with so much by the piece. This, of course, is not paid to him at once; but at the "canteen," where tops, marbles, toys, and wholesome dainties (if there be such) are allowed him, he can draw against his earnings, or, if he be of a saving temper, can hoard them, and leave the refuge at the end of his commitment with a good sum of money in his trousers pocket; in some cases as much as fifty dollars. But, to continue, the large court-yard is surrounded by a wall some twenty feet in height that encloses the space between the various buildings; down the centre runs a cloisterlike partition that has the in-door play-grounds and drill-rooms on either side, and ends in the building containing the kitchen, bakery, and dining-hall. This makes two separate departments, the north for the second-class boys, and the south for the younger, less vicious, or first-class boys.

Inside the winter drill-room an awkward squad of new-comers is going through the "setting-up" drill, in charge of a junior instructor. Their heels click and scrape on the hard concrete floor as they rise and fall on their toes and go through the facings at the word, they look sullen and unhappy, and a hand now and then leaves the trousers seam and digs at the reddened angry eyes. But they soon learn, these little untamed arabs, and are all the better for their course of training. Strange to say, they learn so well that ninety-one per cent. went through the past year without demerit. The knitting of stockings and socks by machinery is going on in the long brick building on the south side of the court-yard. On the first floor thirty or forty little shavers are sitting close together on wooden benches, stitching away for dear life. They are so intent on their work that they hardly raise their close-cropped heads as you pass them. This is the youngest class, that tacks together the seams in the unfinished cotton socks. A little mulatto boy with great dark eyes makes his fingers and mouth work in unison as he stitches the edges deftly together; he seems to take a real delight in his work, and although only twelve years old he has a bigger record than any other boy in the room. There is a large percentage of colored boys in the refuge, and they seem to learn fully as quickly as their white competitors. A tall man in uniform watches the toiling little gnomes with much the same fearless glance that Darling fixes on his performing lions; let him once turn his back and no one knows what might happen. But he is a kind-hearted man, and the boys like him. Climbing the foot-worn wooden staircase, you enter the knitting-rooms. The machinery is humming, and the boys bend over the flying wheels. It is easy to see that the expression "ladies' hose" is correct, for on the right a red-headed, freckle-faced boy from up the State (he is in for wanting to make a bonfire of a cow-stable) is grinding out cotton stockings by the mile.



LIEUT. O. W. LOWRY, U.S.N.

It is strange how soon the boys become adept mill hands, and learn to handle the intricate machinery. Some of them smile and mumble words to one another. They have hard little faces, and some of them know a great deal of this world's wickedness; but the teaching of the refuge often straightens these crooked twigs into a straight healthy growth. Crossing the court-yard again, you walk through the kitchen; the shining kettles and the well-swept floor would be a boon to the eyes of a New England housewife. On the north side of the enclosure is a building similar to the knitting-mill. Carpentry, chair-seat making, and tailoring you find here. In the carpentry class the boys apparently rejoice—it is more like play; hammer and nails, saw and plane, they are all at work, repairing, constructing; they take more interest in their tasks, for they hate the knitting-mill. The instructor tells you that a threat to send them back works wonders. In the printing-office the devils are flying about, and compositors with nimble fingers are sorting type from the cases. The Year-Book (from which the illustrations are taken) is in preparation for the presses. Good work the young printers do, as a glance at the book will show. "Twelve little tailors sitting in a row"—not only twelve, but about twice that number squat cross-legged on the raised bench in a room on the second floor. All the mending and altering in the institution are done here—trousers patched, shirts made, and all. The fit is not guaranteed, but what's the odds, the boys are warm and the clothes are clean. Cobblers and shoemakers, cane-seat weaving and cabinet-making, here you see it all in full blast, every one busy. In a room on the top floor is the seamanship class. A top-gallant yard hangs from a beam; sprawling out on the foot-ropes a half-dozen boys are furling sail. When all is made snug for the night, the sailor-lads drop down to the floor and begin splicing rope ends, weaving fenders, and making matting. Every one in this room intends to follow the sea for a calling; some are shipped every week on board some vessel, and who knows but what these embryo tars hold masters' commissions in their pockets? Lieutenant O. W. Lowry, U.S.N., the superintendent, and Mr. Jungen, the second in command, also of the navy, are very proud of this department. Outside the walls are the farm and greenhouses. Just here an incident. On my second visit I was talking to Mr. Jungen, when a thin, foxy-faced little chap approached; taking off his cap, he saluted.

"I found dis key in de yard," he said.

"Oh, did you?" replied the officer, who did not show much astonishment. "That's right, always bring things you find to me."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, grinning, and he turned to go.

"Hold on a minute," said Mr. Jungen, looking at the boy. "How did you find out I knew you had it?"

"I didn't," began the youngster, stammering.

"Oh yes, you did," interrupted Mr. Jungen. He held out a piece of paper; on it was written, "Jones has the key lost in the yard." The boy glanced at the assistant superintendent with admiration—Old Sleuth the detective was out-classed.

"We know all the boys here pretty well," said Mr. Jungen, turning to me—"all the good and all the bad ones. One colored boy found enough money to take him to the World's Fair, but he turned it in. We're proud of that boy, and would like to find a place for him. Know of one?"

I was sorry to say I didn't. The girls' department is not less interesting than the boys'; in fact, it is more so. Everything is neat and homelike, the school-room is a marvel, and the matron and her assistants work miracles in helping the misdirected unfortunates. Some grow to look upon the refuge as a home. They hate to leave it, dreading, as it were, contact again with the world they have learned to hate. That this has been true in many cases the records distinctly show, and here "*La fin couronne l'œuvre.*" Upwards of eighty per cent. of the past inmates have reformed, and are now leading useful lives. **James Barnes.**

PEMBROKE.[*]

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

THE next morning Ephraim felt very ill, but he kept it from his mother. He took his medicine of his own accord several times, and turned his head from her that she might not notice his laboring breath.

In the middle of the forenoon Deborah went out. She had to drive over to Bolton to get some sugar and tea. She would not buy anything now at Berry's store. Caleb had gone down to the lot to cut a little wood. He had harnessed the horse for her before he went. It was a cold day, and she wrapped herself up well in two shawls and a thick veil over her hood. When she was all ready she gave Ephraim his parting instructions, rearing over him with stern gestures like a veiled justice.

"Now," said she, "you listen to what I tell you. When your father comes in you tell him I want him to set right down and finish parin' them apples. They are spoilin', an' I'm goin' to make 'em into sauce. You tell him to set right down and go to work on 'em; he can get 'em done by the time I get home, an' I can make the sauce this afternoon. You set here an' take your medicine an' learn your catechism. You can study over the Commandments too; you 'ain't got 'em any too well. Do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Ephraim. He looked away from his mother as he spoke, and his panting breath clouded the clear space on the frosty window-pane. He sat beside the window in the rocking-chair.

"Mind you tell your father about them apples," repeated his mother as she went out.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ephraim. He watched his mother drive out of the yard, guiding the horse carefully through the frozen ridges of the drive. Presently he took another spoonful of his medicine. He felt a little easier, but still very ill. His father came a few minutes after his mother had gone. He heard him stamping in through the back door; then his frost-reddened old face looked in on Ephraim.

"Mother gone?" said he.

"She's jest gone," replied Ephraim.

His father came in. He looked at the boy with a childish and anxious sweetness. "Don't you feel quite as well as you did?" he inquired.

"Dun'no' as I do."

"Took your medicine reg'lar?"

Ephraim nodded.

"I guess it's good medicine," said Caleb; "it come real high; I guess the doctor thought consid'ble of it. I'd take it reg'lar if I was you. I thought you looked as if you didn't feel quite so well as common when I come in."

Caleb took off his boots and tended the fire. Ephraim began to feel a little better; his heart did not beat quite so violently. He did not say a word to his father about paring the apples. Caleb went into the pantry, and came back eating a slice of mince pie.

"I found there was a pie cut, and I thought mother wouldn't mind if I took a leetle piece," he remarked, apologetically. He would never have dared take the pie without permission had his wife been at home. "She ain't goin' to be home till arter dinner-time, an' I began to feel kinder gone," added Caleb. He stood by the fire and munched the pie with a relish slightly lessened by remorse. "Don't you want nothin'?" he asked of Ephraim; "mebbe a little piece of pie wouldn't hurt you none."

Caleb's ideas of hygienic food were primitive. He believed, as innocently as if he had lived in Eden before the prohibition, that all food which he liked was good for him, and he applied his theory to all mankind. He had deferred to Deborah's imperious will, but he had never been able to understand why she would not allow Ephraim to eat mince pie, or anything else which his soul loved and craved.

"No, guess I don't," Ephraim replied. He gazed moodily out of the window. "Father," said he suddenly.

"What say, sonny?"

"I eat some of that pie last night."

"Mother give it to you?"

"No; I clim' up on the meal-bucket an' got it in the night."

"You might have fell, an' then I dun'no' what mother 'd ha' said to you," said Caleb.

"An' I did somethin' else."

"What else did you do?"

"I went out a-coastin' after you an' her was asleep."

"You didn't, now?"

"Yes, I did."

"An' we didn't neither on us wake up?"

"You was a-snorin' the whole time."

"I don't s'pose you'd oughter have done it, Ephraim," said Caleb, and he tried to make his tone severe.

"I never went a-coastin' in my whole life before," said Ephraim; "it ain't fair."

"I dun'no' what mother 'd say if she was to find out about it," said Caleb, and he shook his head.

"Ezra Ray was the only one that was out there, an' he said he wouldn't tell."

"Well, mebbe he won't—mebbe he won't; I guess you most hadn't oughter gone unbeknownst to your mother, sonny."

"Barney's sled jest beat Ezra's all holler."

"It did, hey? That allers was a good sled," returned the old man, chuckling.

Caleb went into the pantry again, and returned rattling a handful of corn. "Want a game of holly-gull? I've got a leetle time to spare now whilst mother's gone," he asked.

"Guess so," replied Ephraim. He dragged his chair forward to the hearth; he and his father sat opposite each other and played the old childish game of holly-gull. Ephraim was very fond of the game, and would have played it happily hour after hour had not Deborah esteemed it a sinful waste of time. When Caleb held up his old fist, wherein he had securely stowed a certain number of kernels of corn, and demanded, "Holly-gull, hand full, passel how many?" Ephraim's spirit was thrilled with a fine stimulation of which he had known little in life. If he guessed the number of kernels right, and confiscated the contents of his father's hand, he felt the gratified ambition of a successful financier. If he lost, his heart sank, only to bound higher with new hope for the next chance. A veritable gambling game was holly-gull, but they gambled for innocent Indian corn instead of the coin of the realm, and nobody suspected it. The lack of value of the stakes made the game quite harmless and unquestioned in public opinion.

The waste of time was all Deborah's objection to the game. Caleb and Ephraim said not a word about it to each other, but both kept a furtive ear toward Deborah's returning sleigh-bells.

At last they both heard the loud brazen jingle entering the yard, and Caleb gathered all the corn together and stowed it away in his pocket. Then he stood on the hearth, looking like a guilty child. Ephraim went slowly over to the window; he did not feel quite so well again.

Deborah's harsh "whoa" sounded before the door. Presently she came in, her garments radiating cold air, her arms full of bundles.

"What you standin' there for, father?" she demanded of Caleb. "Why didn't you come out an' take some of these bundles? Why ain't you goin' out an' puttin' the horse up instead of standin' there starin'?"

"I'm goin' right off, mother," Caleb answered, apologetically, and he turned his old back toward her and scuffled out in haste.

"Put on your cap!" Deborah called after him.

She laid off her many wraps, her hood and veil and mufflers and shawls, folded them carefully, and carried them into her bedroom, to be laid in her bureau drawers. Deborah was very orderly and methodical.

"Did you take your medicine?" she asked Ephraim as she went out of the room.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

He did not feel nearly as well; he kept his face turned from his mother. Ephraim was accustomed to complain freely, but now the coasting and the mince pie had made him patient. He was quite sure that his bad feelings were due to that. And suppose his mother should suspect, and ask him what he had been doing! He was also terrified by the thought of the holly-gull, and her unfulfilled order about the apple-paring. He sat very still. His heart shook his whole body, which had grown thin lately. He looked very small in spite of his sturdy build.

Deborah was gone quite a while. She had left some work unfinished in her bedroom that morning. Caleb returned before she did, and pulled up a chair close to the fire. He was holding his reddened fingers out toward the blaze to warm them, when Deborah came in.

She looked at him, then around the room inquiringly. "Where did you put the apples?" said she to Caleb.

Caleb stared around at her. "What apples, mother?" he asked, feebly.

"The apples I left for you to pare. I want to put 'em on before I get dinner."

"I 'ain't heard nothin' about apples, mother."

"'Ain't you pared any apples this forenoon?"

"I didn't know as you wanted any pared, mother."

Deborah turned fiercely on Ephraim. "Ephraim Thayer, look here," said she.

Ephraim turned his poor blue face slowly; his breath came shortly between his parted lips; he clapped one hand to his side.

"Didn't you tell your father to pare them apples, the way I told you to?" she demanded.

Ephraim dropped his chin lower.

"Answer me."

"No, ma'am."

"What have you been a-doin' of?"

"Playin'."

"Playin' what?"

"Holly-gull."

Deborah stood quite still for a moment. Her mouth tightened; she grew quite pale. Ephraim and Caleb watched her. Deborah strode across the room, out into the shed.

"I guess she won't say much; don't you be scared, Ephraim," whispered Caleb.

But Ephraim, curious to say, did not feel scared. Suddenly his mother seemed to have lost all her terrifying influence over him. He felt very strange, and as if he were sinking away from it all through deep abysses.

His mother came back, and she held a stout stick in her right hand. Caleb gasped when he saw it. "Mother, you ain't goin' to whip him?" he cried out.

"Father, you keep still," commanded Deborah. "Ephraim, you come with me."

She led the way into Ephraim's little bedroom, and he stumbled up and followed her. He saw the stick before him in his mother's hand, he knew she was going to whip him, but he did not feel in the least disturbed or afraid. Ezra Ray could not have faced a whipping any more courageously than Ephraim. But he staggered as he went, and his feet met the floor with strange shocks, since he had prepared his steps for those deep abysses.

He and his mother stood together in his little bedroom. She, when she faced him, saw how ill he looked; but she steeled herself against that. She had seen him look as badly before; she was not to be daunted by that from her high purpose; for it was a high purpose to Deborah Thayer. She did not realize the part which her own human will had in it.

She lifted up her voice and spoke solemnly. Caleb listening, all trembling, at the kitchen door heard her. "Ephraim," said his mother, "I have spared the rod with you all my life because you were sick. Your brother and your sister have both rebelled against the Lord and against me. You are all the child I've got left. You've got to mind me and do right. I ain't goin' to spare you any longer because you ain't well. It is better you should be sick than be well and wicked and disobedient. It is better your body should suffer than your immortal soul. Stand still."

Deborah raised her stick and brought it down across Ephraim's shoulders. She raised it again, but suddenly Ephraim made a strange noise, and sank away before it down in a heap on the floor.

Caleb heard him fall, and came quickly. "Oh, mother," he sobbed, "is he dead? What ails him?"

"He's got a bad spell," said Deborah. "Help me lay him on the bed." Her face was ghastly. She spoke with hoarse pulls for breath, but she did not flinch. She and Caleb laid Ephraim on his bed; then she worked over him for a few minutes with mustard and hot water; all the simple remedies in which she was skilled. She tried to pour a little of the doctor's medicine into his mouth; but he did not swallow, and she wiped it away.

"Go an' get Barney to run for the doctor, quick," she told Caleb at last. Caleb fled, sobbing aloud like a child, out of the house. Deborah closed the boy's eyes and straightened him a little in the bed. Then she stood over him there and began to pray aloud. It was a strange prayer, full of remorse, of awful agony, of self-defence of her own act, and her own position as the vicar of God upon earth for her child. "I couldn't let him go astray too!" she shrieked out. "I couldn't, I couldn't! O Lord, Thou knowest that I couldn't! I would—have lain him upon—the altar, as Abraham laid Isaac! Oh, Ephraim, my son, my son, my son!"

Deborah prayed on and on. The doctor and a throng of pale women came in. The yard was full of shocked and staring people. Deborah heeded nothing. She prayed on.

Some of the women got her into her own room. She staid there with a sort of rigid settling into the spot where she was placed, and she pleaded with the Lord for upholding and justification until the daylight faded and all night. The women, Mrs. Ray and the doctor's wife, who watched with poor Ephraim, heard her praying all night long. They sat in grave silence, and their eyes kept meeting with shocked significance as they listened to Deborah. Now and then they wet the cloth on Ephraim's face. About two o'clock Mrs. Ray tiptoed into the pantry, and brought forth a mince pie. "I found one that had been cut on the top shelf," she whispered. She and the doctor's wife ate the remainder of poor Ephraim's pie.

The two women staid next day and assisted in preparations for the funeral. Deborah seemed to have no thought for any of her household duties. She staid in her bedroom most of the time, and her praying voice could be heard at intervals.

Some other women came in, and they went about with silent efficiency, performing their services to the dead and setting the house in order, but they said very little to Deborah. When she came out of her room they eyed her with a certain grim furtiveness, and they never said a word to her about Ephraim.

It was already known all over the village that she had been whipping Ephraim when he died. Poor old Caleb, when the neighbors had come flocking in, had kept repeating, with childish sobs, "Mother hadn't ought to have whipped him; mother hadn't ought to have whipped him!"

"Did Mrs. Thayer whip that boy?" the doctor had questioned, sharply, before all the women, and Caleb had sobbed back, hoarsely: "She was jest a-whippin' of him. I told her she hadn't ought to."

That had been enough. "She whipped him," the women repeated to each other, in shocked pantomime. They all knew how corporal punishment had been tabooed for Ephraim.

The Thayer house was crowded the afternoon of the funeral. The decent black-clad village people, with reddening eyes, and mouths drooping with melancholy, came in throngs into the snowy yard. The men in their Sunday gear tiptoed creaking across the floor; the women, feeling for their pocket-handkerchiefs, padded softly and heavily after them, folded in their black shawls like mourning birds.

Caleb and Deborah and Barney sat in the north parlor where Ephraim lay. Deborah's hoarse laments, which were not like the ordinary hysterical demonstrations of feminine grief, being rather a stern uprising and clamor of herself against her own heart, filled the house.

The minister had to pray and speak against it; scarcely any one beyond the mourners' room could hear his voice. It was a hard task that the poor young minister had. He was quite aware of the feeling against Deborah, and it required finesse to avoid jarring that and yet display the proper amount of Christian sympathy for the afflicted. Then there were other difficulties. The minister had prayed in his closet for a small share of the wisdom of Solomon before setting forth.

The people in the other rooms leaned forward and strained their ears. The minister's wife sat beside her husband with bright spots of color in her cheeks, her little figure nervously contracted in her chair. They had had a discussion concerning the advisability of his mentioning the sister and daughter in his prayer, and she had pleaded with him strenuously that he should not.

When the minister prayed for the afflicted "sister and daughter who was now languishing upon a bed of sickness," his wife's mouth tightened, her feet and hands grew cold. It seemed to her that her own tongue pronounced every word that her husband spoke. And there was, moreover, a little nervous thrill through the audience. Oddly enough, everybody seemed to hear that portion of the minister's prayer quite distinctly. Even one old deaf man in the farthest corner of the kitchen looked meaningly at his neighbor.

The service was a long one. The village hearse and the line of black-covered wagons waited in front of the Thayer house over an hour. There had been another fall of snow the night before, and now the north wind blew it over the country. Outside ghostly spirals of snow raised from the new drifts heaped along the road-sides like graves, disappeared over the fields, and moved on the borders of distant woods, while in-doors the minister held forth, and the choir sang funeral hymns with a sweet uneven drone of grief and consolation.

When at last the funeral was over and the people came out, they bent their heads before this wild storm which came from the earth instead of the sky.

The cemetery was a mile out of the village; when the procession came driving rapidly home it was nearly sunset, and the thoughts of the people turned from poor Ephraim to their suppers. It is only for a minute that death can blur life for the living. Still, when the evening smoke hung over the roofs, the people talked untiringly of Ephraim and his mother.

As time went on the dark gossip in the village swelled louder. It was said quite openly that Deborah Thayer had killed her son Ephraim. The neighbors did not darken her doors. The minister and his wife called once. The minister offered prayer and spoke formal words of consolation, as if he were reading from invisible notes. His wife sat by in stiff scared silence. Deborah nodded in response; she said very little.

Indeed, Deborah had become very silent. She scarcely spoke to Caleb. But for hours after he had gone to bed the

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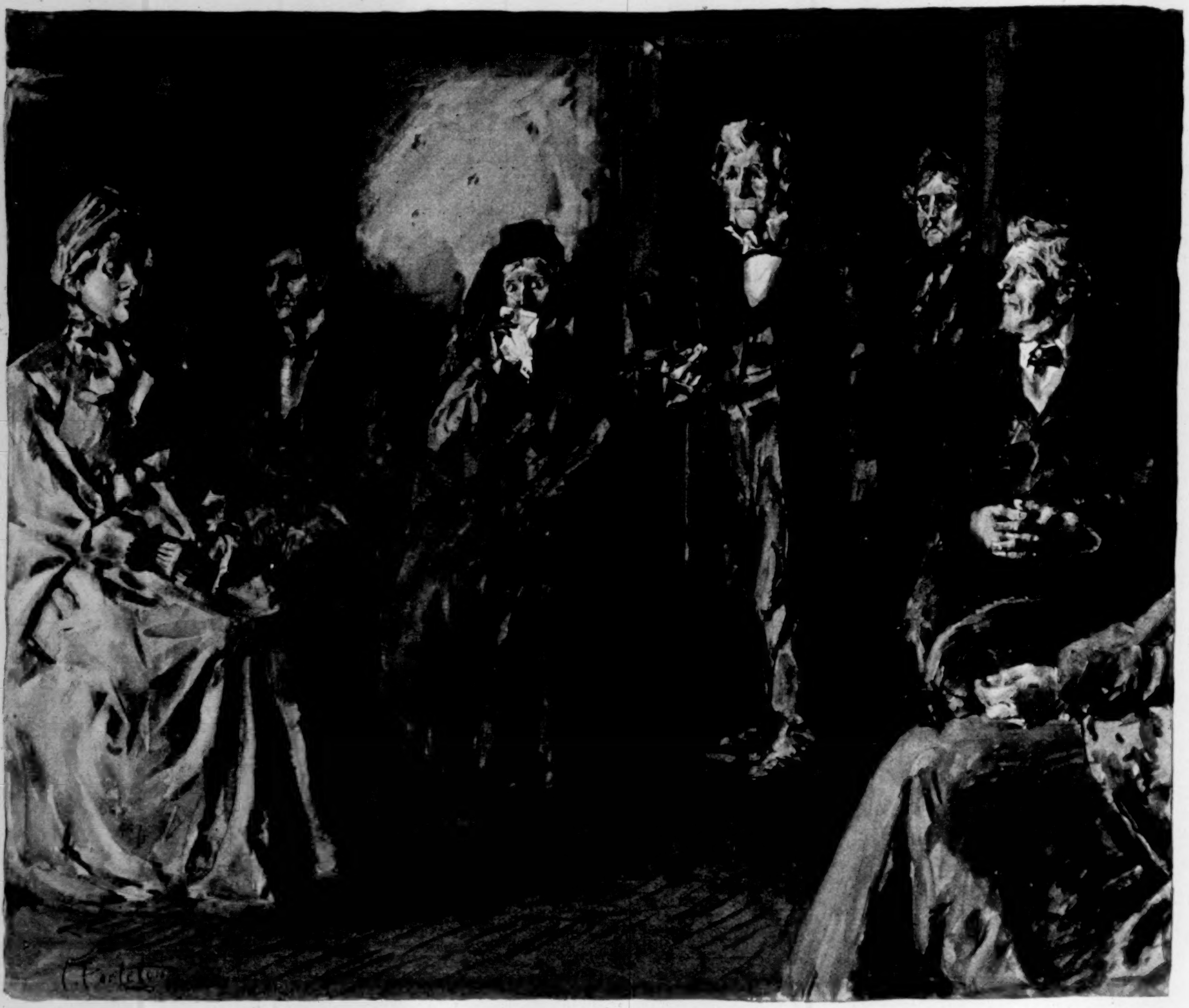
[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.



"THE THAYER HOUSE WAS CROWDED THE AFTERNOON OF THE FUNERAL."

poor bewildered old man could hear his wife wrestling in prayer with the terrible angel of the Lord, whom she had evoked by the stern magic of grief and remorse. He could hear her harsh solemn voice in self-justification and agonized appeal. After a while he learned to sleep with it still ringing in his ears, and his heavy breathing kept pace with Deborah's prayer. Deborah had not the least doubt that she had killed her son Ephraim.

There was some talk of the church's dealing with her; some women declared that they would not go to meeting if she did; but no stringent measures were taken, and Deborah went to church every Sunday all the rest of the winter and during the spring.

It was an afternoon in June, when the doctor's wife and Mrs. Ray went into Deborah Thayer's yard. They paused hesitatingly before the door.

"I think you're the one that ought to tell her," said Mrs. Ray.

"I think it's your place to, seeing as 'twas your Ezra that knew about it," returned the doctor's wife. Her voice sounded like the hum of a bee, being full of husky vibrations; her double chin sank into her broad heaving bosom, folded over with white plaided muslin.

"Seems to me it belongs to you, as long as you're the doctor's wife," said Mrs. Ray. She was very small and lean beside the soft bulk of the other woman, but there was a sort of mental uplifting about her which made her unconscious of it. Mrs. Ray had never considered herself a small woman; she seemed always to see the tops of other women's heads.

The doctor's wife looked at her dubiously, panting softly all over her great body. It was a warm afternoon. The low red and white rose-bushes sprayed all around the step-stone, and they were full of roses. The doctor's wife raised the brass knocker. "Well, I'd just as lieves," said she, resignedly. "She'd ought to be told anyway; the doctor said so." The knocker fell with a clang of brass.

Deborah opened the door at once. "Good-afternoon," said she.

"We thought we'd come over a few minutes, it's so pleasant this afternoon," said the doctor's wife.

"Walk in," said Deborah. She aided them in through the kitchen to the north parlor. She always entertained guests there on warm afternoons.

The north parlor was very cool and dark; the curtains were down, and undulated softly like sails. Deborah placed the big hair-cloth rocking-chair for the doctor's wife, and Mrs. Ray sat down on the sofa.

There was a silence. The doctor's wife flushed red. Mrs. Ray's sharp face was imperturbable. Deborah, sitting erect in one of her best flag-bottomed chairs, looked as if she were alone in the room.

The doctor's wife cleared her throat. "Mis' Thayer," she began.

Deborah looked at her with calm expectation.

"Mis' Thayer," said the doctor's wife, "Mis' Ray and I thought we ought to come over here this afternoon. Mis' Ray heard something last night, an' she came over an' told the doctor, an' he said you ought to know—"

The doctor's wife paused, panting. Then the door opened and Caleb peered in. He bowed stiffly to the two guests, then, with apprehensive glances at his wife, slid into a chair near the door.

"Mis' Ray's Ezra told her last night," proceeded the doctor's wife, "that—the night before—your son died, he run away unbeknown to you, an' went slidin' down hill. The doctor says mebbe that was what killed him. He said you'd ought to know."

Deborah leaned forward; her face worked like the breaking up of an icy river. "Be you sure?" said she.

"Ezra told me last night," interposed Mrs. Ray. "I had a hard time gettin' it out of him; he promised Ephraim he wouldn't tell. But somethin' he said made me suspect, an' I got it out of him. He said Ephraim told him he run away, an' he left him there slidin' when he came home. 'Twas as much as 'leven o'clock then; I remember I give Ezra a whippin' next mornin' for stayin' out so late. But then of course whippin' Ezra wa'n't nothin' like whippin' Ephraim."

"The doctor says most likely that was what killed him, after all, an' you'd ought to know," said the doctor's wife.

"Be you sure?" said Deborah again.

"Ephraim wa'n't to blame. He never had no show; he never went a-slidin' like the other little fellars," said Caleb, suddenly, out of his corner, and he snivelled as he spoke.

Deborah turned on him sharply. "Did you know anything about it?" said she.

"He told me on't that mornin'," said Caleb; "he told me how he'd been a-slidin' an' how he eat some mince pie."

"Eat—some—mince pie!" gasped Deborah, and there was a great light of hope in her face.

"Well," said the doctor's wife, "if that boy eat mince pie, an' slid down hill too, I guess you 'ain't much call to worry about anything you've done, Mis' Thayer. I know what the doctor has said right along."

The doctor's wife arose with a certain mild impressiveness, as if some mantle of her husband's authority had fallen upon her. She shook out her ample skirts as if they were redolent of rhubarb and mint. "Well, I guess we had better be going," said she, and her inflections were like the doctor's.

Mrs. Ray rose also. "Well, we thought you'd ought to know," said she.

"I'm much obliged to you," said Deborah.

She went through the kitchen with them. When the door was shut behind them she turned to Caleb, who had shuffled along at her heels. "Oh, father, why didn't you tell me, if you knew—why didn't you tell me?" she gasped out.

Caleb stared at her. "Why, mother!" he returned.

"Didn't you know I thought I'd killed him, father? Didn't you know I thought I'd killed my son? An' now mebbe I haven't—mebbe I haven't! O Lord, I thank Thee for letting me know before I die. Mebbe I haven't killed him, after all!"

"I didn't s'pose it would make any difference," said Caleb, helplessly.

Suddenly, to the old man's great terror, his wife caught hold of him and clung to him. He staggered a little; his arms hung straight at his sides. "Why, what ails you, mother?" he stammered out. "I didn't tell you 'cause I thought you'd be blamin' him for 't. Mother, don't you take on so, now don't!"

"I—wish—you'd go an' get Rebecca an' Barney, father," said Deborah, faintly. She suddenly wavered so that her old husband wavered with her, and they reeled back and forth like two old trees in the wind.

"Why, what ails you, mother, what ails yer?" Caleb gasped out. He caught Deborah's arm, and clutched out at something to save himself. Then they sank to the floor together.

Barney had just come up from the field, and was at his own door, when his father came panting into the yard. "What is it—what's the matter?" he cried out.

"Mother's fell!" gasped Caleb.

"Fell? Has she hurt her?"

"Dun'no'—she can't get up. Come, quick!"

As Barney rushed out of the yard he cast a glance up the hill towards Charlotte's house. In every crisis of his life his mind turned involuntarily to her, as if she were another self to be made acquaint with all its exigencies. But when he came out on the road he met Charlotte herself face to face. She had been over to her aunt Sylvia's.

"Something is wrong with mother," Barney said, with a strange appeal. Then he went on, and Charlotte was at his side, running as fast as he. Caleb hurried after them, panting, the tears running down his old cheeks.

"Father says she's fell," Barney said, as they sped along.

"Maybe she's only fainted," responded Charlotte's steady, faithful voice.

But Deborah Thayer had more than fainted. It might have been that Ephraim had inherited from her the heart taint that had afflicted and shortened his life, and it might have been that her terrible experiences of the last few months would have strained her heart to its undoing had its valves been made of steel.

Barney carried his mother into her bedroom, and laid her on the bed. He and Charlotte worked over her, but she never spoke nor moved again. At last Charlotte laid her hand on Barney's arm. "Come out now," said she, and Barney followed her out.

When they were out in the kitchen Barney looked in her face. "It's no use. She's gone," he said, hoarsely.

Charlotte nodded. Suddenly she put her arms up around his neck, and drew his head down to her bosom, and held it there, stroking his cheek.

"Oh, Charlotte!" Barney sobbed.

Charlotte bent over him, whispering softly, smoothing his hair and cheek with her tender hand.

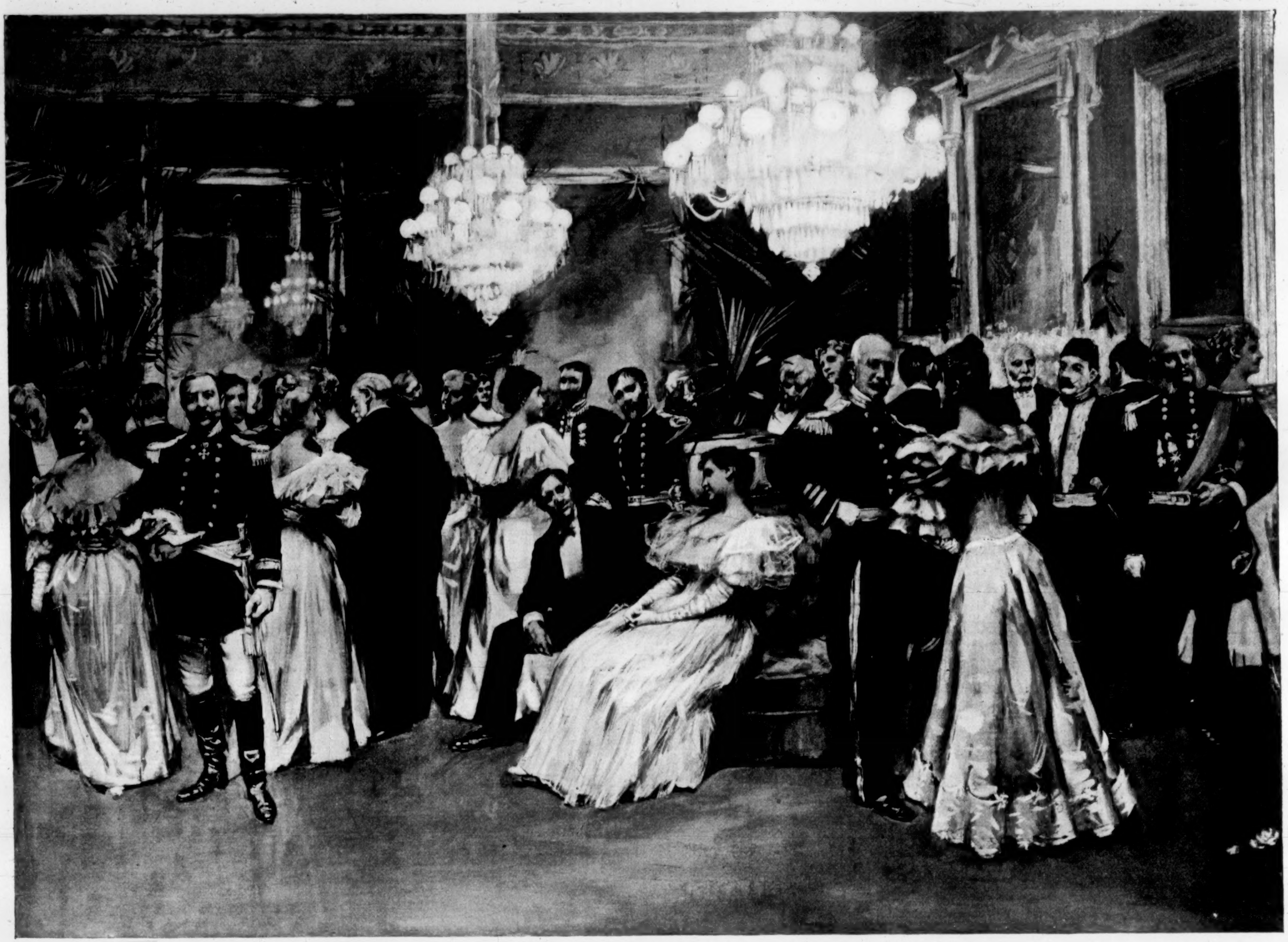
Caleb had gone for the doctor and Rebecca while they tried to restore Deborah, and had given the alarm on the way. Some women came hurrying in, with white faces, staring curiously even then at Barney and Charlotte; but she never heeded them except to answer in the affirmative when they asked, in shocked voices, if Deborah was dead. She went on soothing Barney, as if he had been her child, with no more shame in it, until he raised his white face from her breast of his own accord.

"Oh, Charlotte, you will stay to-night, won't you?" he pleaded.

"Yes, I'll stay," said Charlotte.

Young as Charlotte was, she had watched with the sick and sat up with the dead many a time. So she and the doctor's wife watched with Deborah Thayer that night. Rebecca came, but she was not strong enough to stay. The next day Charlotte assisted in the funeral preparations. It made a great deal of talk in the village. People wondered if Barney would marry her now, and if she would sit with the mourners at the funeral. But she sat with her father and mother in the south room, and time went on after Deborah died, and Barney did not marry her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE ARMY AND NAVY AND DIPLOMATIC CORPS.—Drawn by L. W. Hitchcock.—[See Page 278.]

RESURRECTION.

DAFFODIL, lily, and crocus,
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun, and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wilding families,—
Wind-flower, violet, May,—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.

We, scattering troops and kindreds,
From out of the stars wind-blown
To this way-side corner of space,
This world that we call our own,—

We, of the hedge-rows of Time,
We too shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light, and blossom
With our hearts held up to God.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

CLUB-HOUSE, LECLAIRE.

THE STORY OF LECLAIRE.

"LECLAIRE takes men and conditions as they are—which is a quite prosaic programme—and only adds such bits of common-sense amendment as experience suggests. The conveniences and attractions of city life are in a small degree added to the simplicity and freedom of a rural settlement. Without any theory of single-tax, there is farm price of land for house-lots; without community theory, there are many voluntary communal arrangements; without any economist of the chair, there are all the economies that practical sense can suggest. But it is all plain and small."

This is the modest estimate put by Mr. N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, in a private letter, on the very interesting experiment of which he is the author and directing manager—an experiment pronounced by so eminent an authority as Mr. Nicholas Paine Gilman "in several ways the most conspicuous of all American profit-sharing enterprises," the one "coming nearest to the standard set by Leclaire, Laroche-Joubert, Boucicaut, and Godin."

To begin the story of Leclaire with its founder, Mr. N. O. Nelson is a self-made man, a German, who landed in this country poor, and who has reached prosperity by native energy, thrift, and sagacity. In 1877 he founded the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company. In 1886, the profit-sharing scheme was inaugurated. By this scheme, after regular wages have been paid and 6 per cent. allowed as the commercial rate on capital, 10 per cent. of the profits is set aside for a reserve fund to meet losses, and 5 per cent. for a provident fund to pay for the care of the sick and of the families of deceased employés, while the remaining profits are divided at the rate of 2 per cent. on wages and 1 per cent. on capital. These dividends on wages have in eight years aggregated 54 per cent., or nearly 7 per cent. a year. This includes the year just closed, for which, on account of the hard times, no dividend from profits was declared for either wages or capital.

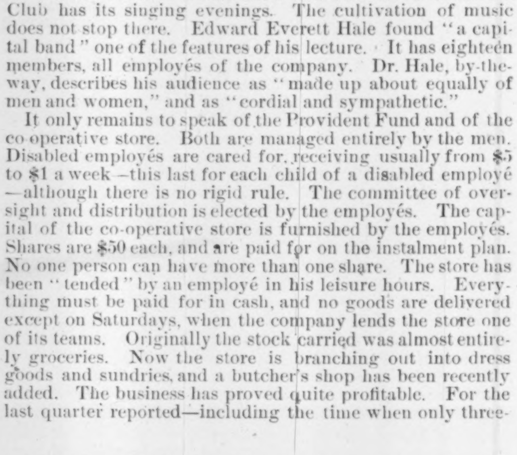
It may be well to stop here a moment and tell how the hard times have affected the experiment. Last summer the management decided to ask the men to work full time for three quarters pay—they have a nine hours' day for ten hours' pay at Leclaire, "without any apparent diminution in product," Mr. Nelson testifies. This decision of the management was ratified by the men "with cheers." The understanding was that the reduction in wages should be made good to the men as soon as the company could afford to. The inventory at the close of the year showed profits sufficient to pay the 6 per cent. on capital, first set aside, and to repay the men their back wages. This has been done, and since October the men have received their usual wages. So gratifying a result, Mr. Nelson testifies, was due largely to the extraordinary efforts of the management to push their goods into new territory, making low prices and easy terms of payment. To this last the temporary sacrifice of the men of one-quarter of their wages contributed materially.

Originally the wages-dividends—to return to the profit-sharing scheme proper—were payable in cash, "to make it clear that they meant money," but employés had the option of taking dividends in stock, to encourage co-operation. Afterward these dividends were paid in stock only. But when an employé leaves the service of the company it buys his stock at par. Up to the present year any employé who had been in the service of the company for ten months was entitled to receive a wages-dividend. This year the time limit has been abandoned, and this new rule substituted: In order to receive a wages-dividend an employé must invest in the capital of the company 10 per cent. of his salary or wages when working full time. The object of the change is twofold, as explained by Mr. Nelson: "To secure by natural selection for the company employés who want to lay up something, and to accumulate an aggregate of employés' capital which shall gradually turn the corporation into a genuine co-operative company, owned and controlled by the employés."

It is a pleasure to turn from what the experiment offers on its dry business side to what it offers on the æsthetic humanizing side. It must be remembered that Leclaire is at present, and must long continue to be, a small country village, to be regarded only as a germ, but giving promise of many possibilities for the future. It is attractive to the eye of the passing traveller on the Toledo and St. Louis Railroad. "A pretty cluster of pretty houses, shaded with young trees," as Edward Everett Hale describes it. "To the most hasty glance," he adds, "it shows that those who live here love their homes, and mean to make them pleasant to others as to themselves." The village is almost as young as its trees. Four years ago the company bought 125 acres near Edwardsville, Illinois, a county town eighteen miles from St. Louis, and began erecting another manufacturing plant there in addition to those it already had in Mound City and St. Louis. The St. Louis plant, it may be added, will be transferred soon to Leclaire. The first idea was to make it a village of home-owners. For this reason the company does not rent houses to the employés, but sells them outright. As soon as the purchaser and the company have agreed upon a plan, a deed is given to the former. This is secured by a mortgage which carries a monthly payment of from $12 to $20. Each house is supplied with water and with electric lights, the first being free, and the latter costing 25 cents per light a month. Each house-lot is about one-third of an acre, and the price is uniform, $2 a front foot, which makes the cost about $200 for a lot. By common consent no vegetable gardens are made about the premises, the grounds being devoted to grass, shrubbery, fruit trees, and small fruits. The streets are winding, not laid out at right angles, but more after the manner of park drives. They are paved with cinders, and skirted by sidewalks four feet wide and by lines of trees. They are sprinkled and lighted by electricity at the company's expense. A landscape-gardener employed by the company has oversight of community æsthetics. A greenhouse, well stocked with plants, and a flower show, with prizes, are other interesting features of the same nature. The purpose is to make the life of Leclaire as attractive, to quote Edward Everett Hale again, "to the women who stay at home as to the men who go to the workshops."

But the social side of Leclaire does not neglect the men. Above the co-operative store, of which more will be said soon, is a billiard-hall, and in the rear is a bowling-alley. In the club-house are a lecture-hall and library, and a kindergarten and school are also held in it. This kindergarten is very successful, drawing patronage from Edwardsville, of which Leclaire is a suburb. The educational plan is comprehensive and practical. It contemplates successive steps—manual training in connection with the shops for the boys, and domestic training for the girls, so that at eighteen or twenty both will be ready to take up the work of life. The Self-culture Club meets every other week for discussions, essays, singing, or reading. On alternate weeks there are lectures, which are largely attended. Most of the lecturers are from St. Louis, although Edward Everett Hale and John Fiske have been invited from a distance to Leclaire. The programme of subjects is eclectic, including, this last winter, illustrated lectures on London, Paris, and the World's Fair, and on "How a Daily Newspaper is Made," "Italian Art," "Educational Ideas of Dickens," and "The State." The little village is thus brought into touch with the thought and life of the world. It has been said that the Self-culture Club has its singing evenings. The cultivation of music does not stop there. Edward Everett Hale found "a capital band" one of the features of his lecture. It has eighteen members, all employés of the company. Dr. Hale, by-the-way, describes his audience as "made up about equally of men and women," and as "cordial and sympathetic."

It only remains to speak of the Provident Fund and of the co-operative store. Both are managed entirely by the men. Disabled employés are cared for, receiving usually from $5 to $1 a week—this last for each child of a disabled employé—although there is no rigid rule. The committee of oversight and distribution is elected by the employés. The capital of the co-operative store is furnished by the employés. Shares are $50 each, and are paid for on the instalment plan. No one person can have more than one share. The store has been "tended" by an employé in his leisure hours. Everything must be paid for in cash, and no goods are delivered except on Saturdays, when the company lends the store one of its teams. Originally the stock carried was almost entirely groceries. Now the store is branching out into dress goods and sundries, and a butcher's shop has been recently added. The business has proved quite profitable. For the last quarter reported—including the time when only three-quarter wages were paid—the profits, after deducting 6 per cent. as the charge on capital, were 20 per cent. on sales. A 15-per-cent. cash dividend was declared on the shares—the Rochdale plan—and 5 per cent. was added to the surplus.



A TYPICAL HOME.

From these details, many of them so trivial, yet of importance in showing the practical workings of the scheme, it is seen how simple and unostentatious is the Leclaire experiment. The same character again appears in the pictures of the club-house, and of the home of one of the employés. These pictures were not originally taken with any idea of advertising Leclaire. Their history is typical. Last summer M. Lami, the French economist, visited Leclaire, and asked for some pictures as souvenirs. That is how they chanced to be first taken. But it is in this very simplicity and absence of ostentation—of horn-blowing—that the charm of Leclaire and a conservative faith in its future are to be found. It claims to be no more than it is; it pretends to no more than its author's modest description of it gives a right to claim. It is small, even diminutive, a country hamlet. It is feeling its way. Many of its methods are tentative. They are tested constantly by experience. They strive to keep in view the limitations of human nature, educated for centuries under and into the selfishness of the competitive system. They seek to realize no mere ideal theories. They indulge in no "rainbow chasing."

For these very reasons the Leclaire experiment, as it moves forward along natural lines of development, may ultimately contribute more than the share fairly to be expected of it toward the solution of some of the pressing social problems of modern life. Its friends at least have strong faith in such possible influences for it beyond the limitations of its immediate environments. ARTHUR REED KIMBAL.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNCTIONS.

THE social functions of the President of the United States are semi-official. He has no duty beyond giving a few state dinners and three annual evening receptions. The hand-shakes in the East Room to the general public are not to be counted as social functions, or as functions at all. They are simply concessions to the claim of propriety advanced by the American people to the time and politeness of their chief butler. No President but Thomas Jefferson ever undertook to regulate other men's manners, but he even invaded the States whose sovereignty he recognized, prescribing the rule of the "first visit" for Governors and foreign ministers. It has been the custom of the President and his family since the days when John Adams first moved into the White House to pour tea and shake hands there. Some Presidents have been stiff and formal, like Washington and Adams; some have been so democratic as to be chided for their rudeness by wondering diplomats who have had nothing else to think about, like Jefferson and Harrison; some have been democratic only to be generously hospitable, like Dolly Madison and Mrs. Van Buren. In these later days, when society at the capital has become richer and perhaps more cosmopolitan, it has also grown more exacting, and it thinks that the White House is bound to do something for its entertainment and glory. It forgets every four years that the White House is not at all in the habit of being at the head of its affairs. Mr. Arthur was made a kind of pattern, and in his day the White House was elegantly secluded, and the President did nothing wrong. His rank was always on his mind, and in the minds of those nearest to him. His nerves never drove him beyond the proprieties, and he is still reverentially thought of by a small coterie, who also do not forget the native kindliness of his disposition. But other Presidents have not put themselves out for society, and have only availed themselves of the one rigid and to them comfortable rule of etiquette which excuses them from the performance of any social duty whatever outside of their own house. Mr. Harrison and his family, and Mr. Cleveland and his, did not change the method of life which was agreeable to them in their own homes when they went to Washington to preside over the government, and, aside from the few intimates that the President and his family find or import, Washington has very little to do with the White House, except on state occasions; but these occasions have naturally grown to be more of social events since the city grew out of villagehood and into metropolitan ways, and since the winter denizens of the place grew richer, and of the class that is found in summer at Newport and Bar Harbor—that is, so much of it as is not wandering on the continent of Europe.

The state functions at the White House are of a formal character. They are great crushes even now, in the day when no one goes except on invitation. When Mr. Hayes was President there were Saturday evenings at the White House. Possibly when Mrs. Madison reigned there a Saturday evening was possible, but in Mr. Hayes's time the reception was barbarous, and men and women who went once never went again, and were thankful for what they escaped with. Everybody went except the experienced men and women of the world. The crowd was a collection of strangers who wanted to see the President, of tortured officials who had to go, of idlers who had nothing better to do, and of department clerks—men and women—whose chief concern in life is to make themselves and their friends believe that they are on a social footing with the heads of the government. These huge affairs at the White House were illustrations of some of the inconveniences of democracy. They compelled the adoption of a system of selection.

It is only at the first function of the year, on New-Year's day, that the public is supposed to have free entrance at the White House, and then the order of exercises renders it extremely difficult for the unofficial person to make his way to the reception-room before the expiration of the allotted time. At this function the President and his wife, together with the wives of cabinet officers, and such other women, mostly young, whom the President or his wife invites, stand in a row in the Blue Room, where the receiving parties always are, and before them pass and bow and smile and say "Happy New-Year" the judges, the diplomats, the Senators and Representatives, the officers of the army and navy, and so much of the public as can find admittance before the door closes. All the official people are in uniform, if they have uniforms, and the scene is brilliant.

After the New-Year's reception follow the state dinners, which are few and too big. There are probably no more perfunctory meals eaten in the world—certainly none in this country—than those to which the President invites official guests at the White House. There are too many guests for good talk, too much tyranny of precedence for congenial neighbors, and too large a company for thoroughly hot meals. Nearly all the vices of which a dinner is capable have an opportunity to show themselves at a President's state dinner. While the state dinners are going on, the card receptions of the season are held—the receptions to the diplomatic corps, to the army and navy, and to the judges and members of Congress.

The most brilliant and interesting of this series is the reception to the diplomatic corps. The representatives of foreign governments in Washington are of course invited to all the receptions, and those of them go who care to be polite; but it is their own especial reception that they all attend in all the glory of their various uniforms. There is nothing that so delights a young American girl so much as a diplomatic uniform, although the day when the diplomat himself is entrancing simply because he is an official foreigner has long since gone by, unless the young woman is very young and very recently at the capital. However, the scene at a diplomatic reception is very glaring to unaccustomed republican eyes, and it may be admitted that there is nothing like it in this country. It is worth while to see the plain blue gold-embroidered uniform of the diplomatic service of Great Britain, the red fez and highly ornamented Turk, the Austrian hussar, the light blue Saxon military attaché of the German embassy, the little man from Spain in brilliant red coat with white lapels of inordinate size, the Coreans with their shovel hats, and the silks of the Chinaman. It is very beautiful and most unusual to eyes that are not accustomed to any uniforms but those that soldiers wear, and for an hour or two the diplomatic corps is good enough to make the White House a scene of splendor which is not soon forgotten by the young woman from a distance who has enjoyed the privilege of beholding for the first time all this European and Oriental glory.

THE "DANBURY NEWS" MAN.

James Montgomery Bailey, who died in Danbury, Connecticut, on Sunday, March 4th, was a prince of humorists. His published works afford but a faint impression of his capability as a jester. He was at his best in casual conversation with friends, when he would allow his wit full play.

"His humor," writes one who knew him intimately, "was not that labored effort of the memory recalling and retelling ancient anecdotes. The best things he ever said, queer conceits, delicious *bon mots*, wonderful fancies at which one could but heartily laugh in solitary hours, fell from his lips in ordinary conversation as naturally and spontaneously as trills from the throat of a canary.

"Although he could convulse an audience with laughter, he was not at his best in a formal speech. Modest and retiring by nature, he was oppressed by nervous dread of the ordeal of speech-making. It checked that fine spontaneous recognition of the incongruous relations of things which was the essence, often as delicate and intangible yet as sweet and delicious as the scent of roses, of his original and intellectual humor. He rarely told a story in table-talk, and never, no matter what the character of the company, said anything that had a suggestion of coarseness. He loathed the *double entente.*"

Mr. Bailey's wittiest sayings are yet to be collected There is scarcely a person in Danbury who could not contribute to a volume a hundred witticisms carelessly thrown off by him in mirthful moments. He was frequently urged in recent years to reserve his fanciful conceits for publication, but he shook his head at the advice.

"No," he would answer, "I am written out. A humorist had better die than tire his public."

Mr. Bailey's generosity was proverbial. His sympathies were easily aroused. Misery of any kind distressed him, and he secretly assisted many a poverty-stricken family in Danbury. Though a small city, Danbury has its full quota of worthless idlers, who knew Mr. Bailey's weakness, and took advantage of it most shamelessly. He seldom left his office without meeting one who would pour a tale of woe into his ears, and he would promptly hand the beggar enough change to tide him over his financial crisis. To a friend who ventured one day to remonstrate with him for throwing his money away on such people Mr. Bailey replied, "Oh, the poor devils need a lift; and besides, they tell such good stories I can't resist them."

One day a compositor entered Mr. Bailey's sanctum with a rueful countenance. "Mr. Bailey," he said, "I'm hungry, and have no money. Will you lend me ten cents for a sandwich?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bailey, handing him a dime.

Five minutes later another compositor approached him. "Will you let me have ten cents, Mr. Bailey, for a sandwich?" he asked.

"With pleasure," answered Mr. Bailey.

A third compositor entered the room. "Mr. Bailey," he said, "I'd like ten cents for a sandwich."

"All right," said Mr. Bailey, cheerfully.

A fourth and then a fifth man followed with similar requests.

Finally another compositor stood before the editor. "Mr. Bailey," he said, "will you please let me have a dime for a drink?"

Mr. Bailey looked at him in feigned amazement. "Why do you lie to me?" he asked, reproachfully. "I know, sir, what you want the money for. You want a *sandwich!*"

The compositor collapsed. But he got the dime.

Circus day was always regarded by Mr. Bailey as the greatest holiday in the year, and he always celebrated it in a manner thoroughly characteristic of himself. No request made to him on that day was refused if it was in his power to grant it.

One circus day Mr. Bailey presented a cigar to every man who called upon him, and the news soon spread around the town that he was dispensing fragrant Havanas. In a short time a regular procession was wending toward the *News* office. Mr. Bailey's stock of cigars was depleted in a short time, but he bought a new supply, that was equal to the demands upon it. The same day an old farmer, who never visited Danbury on any other day in the year, called upon Mr. Bailey, and was presented with the usual cigar He then became confidential, and asked Mr. Bailey to loan him $5 "till next circus day." Mr. Bailey graciously complied with the request. The farmer next asked the genial editor for six tickets for the circus. Mr. Bailey did not have the desired tickets, but he got them for his visitor. The farmer and his family saw the circus, but before another circus day came around the old fellow died, and Mr. Bailey never again saw the $5.

Mr. Bailey was a lover of dogs, and was always accompanied on his walks through the town by five faithful canine friends. Before him walked two English pugs, Punch and Judy, a white poodle and a Scotch terrier trotted along on either side of him, and News, a shaggy black Newfoundland, brought up the rear. Anybody could know when Mr. Bailey was in his office, for then News would be stretched at full length in the middle of the sidewalk in front of the modest brick building on Wooster Square. No matter what the weather might be, News never would desert what he deemed his post of duty as long as his master was within the building.

Mr. Bailey's career as an editor began in 1865, when, in partnership with Timothy Donovan, a printer, he purchased the Danbury *Times*, which they conducted as a Democratic paper. Three years later they purchased the *Jeffersonian*, a Republican organ, and merged the two papers into the

THE LATE JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY.

Danbury *News*, which has always been a non-political paper. Mr. Bailey then turned his attention to humorous sketches, which were eagerly copied into other newspapers all over the country. The circulation of the *News*, which was barely 2000 at the start, suddenly began to grow, until within eighteen months it reached 40,000 copies every week.

In 1873 Mr Bailey published the sketches under the title of *Life in Danbury*, which of all his books was the most successful from a remunerative stand-point.

In 1878 Mr. Bailey purchased Mr. Donovan's interest in the *News*, and became sole proprietor, which he remained till his death.

Mr. Bailey never would allow an article to be published in the *News* that would reflect discreditably upon the private life of any individual, or that would wound any person's sensibilities.

"I prefer," he once said, "that the files of the *News* should be a chronicle of the good deeds of my towns-people rather than a record of their weaknesses and follies."

A year ago a fire-bug terrorized the town of Danbury. Scarcely a night passed that at least one barn was not destroyed. But only the most meagre accounts of the incendiary's performances appeared in the *News*.

"Why do you not publish better stories about the barn-burnings?" asked an indignant *News* reader of Mr. Bailey. "Why don't you tell what's going on?"

"Because," answered Mr. Bailey, "if the *News* published full details of these outrages the stories would be quoted by newspapers all over the country, insurance companies would take alarm, and either withdraw altogether from Danbury or increase their rates of insurance here to an extortionate figure. I don't want to be responsible for anything like that."

The wisdom of Mr Bailey's policy was amply demonstrated by his success. His towns-people appreciated his kindly motives, and he died leaving not an enemy in the world.

Evan Jones.

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL WINDOW.

It will be remembered by the readers of this paper that a particularized account of the ceremonies attending the unveiling of this now historical memorial appeared in the number for January 6th. Fortunately enabled to present a reproduction from the original design of the memorial window on a scale sufficiently enlarged for the distinct presentation of the richly varied and significant details it embodies, and which are altogether lost in the greatly reduced scale of the illustration of January 6th, and at the same time favored by the considerate courtesy of Mr. John R. Clayton, of the house of Messrs. Clayton & Bell, the designer of the window, we gladly complete our record by a larger statement drawn from his memoranda of the artistic and symbolic legends of these "pictured panes."

The window itself, we premise, will be found a faithful and eloquent summary of Mr. Lowell's career.

In this design, which so admirably epitomizes the poet's life and work, there is no suggestion of conventionality or mere professionalism. It is warm with a rare quality of personal sincerity and appreciative consideration befitting the occasion and the subject of the memorial. Briefly, the purport is this The window is triple-lighted; the centre light is an epitome of the poem "Sir Launfal," which is intelligently accepted as the life-motive of the Lowell poetry. At the top is the mailed figure of this beautiful knight ready for his quest. Beneath is given the meeting of Sir Launfal with the leper. Separating the two is an angel bearing the "Holy Grail" or eucharistic chalice. On the dexter side is seen the figure of St. Botolph in correct canonicals, the patron saint of Boston in Lincolnshire, whence the Pilgrim fathers embarked on the *Mayflower*, while beneath is given the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

On the sinister side is seen the figure of St Ambrose of Milan, vested ecclesiastically, as a symbolic representative of that religious song and worshipful spirit which is re-echoed so melodiously in the Lowell verses. Besides, St. Ambrose gave his silver and gold and all his possessions for the redemption and relief of the enslaved and oppressed, thus prefiguring Lowell's heroic devotion to labor, and struggle for the emancipation and rehabilitation of a long-suffering race under bondage, all of which is pictured beneath in the tableau of liberation from chains and slavery At the upper corners, right and left, are irregular trefoil lights bearing the arms of Great Britain and the United States supported by angels, thus intimating the conjunction of both nationalities in the liberty-loving devotion of Lowell the statesman and in the profound culture and exalted art of Lowell the littérateur-poet.

At the left of this three-light window—the stone-work of the structure dating in the thirteenth century—is placed a lancet window of the same date, filled with a series of shields in vertical order, with angel supporters in each instance, the shields being charged respectively with the arms of England, the United States, Harvard College, and Westminster Abbey. It should be mentioned that the heraldic and architectural details, with ecclesiastical allusions and symbols, are carried out with strictest fidelity and consistency. The color scheme, which is gemlike and glowing, yet subdued, is confined chiefly to the borderings and subdued passages, leaving the principal figure details in an artistic ensemble of picturesque light and shade. A medallion portrait of Lowell by an able young sculptor named Frompton (since elected to the associateship of the Royal Academy of Arts) forms part of the mural tablet beneath the principal window.

It should be observed that this Lowell memorial is not placed within the Chapter House itself, as is so generally stated, but in the vestibule thereto, and that this vestibule is now exclusively devoted to the commemoration of Lowell, while there are no other windows therein, and no other memorials to divide attention or interest. Those interested in memorial art who have not studied their work in England may find excellent examples of the Clayton & Bell windows in the cathedral at Garden City, Long Island.

George T. Rider.

A UNIQUE RECOLLECTION OF LOWELL.

In reading again the lately published *Letters of Lowell*, I have been greatly struck with his intimate acquaintance with Nature, his affection for her, and his habit of personifying inanimate things. Writing to Mr. Norton, in 1856, he said: "How I do love the Earth! I feel it thrill under my feet. I feel, somehow, as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it, and I get rid of that dreadful duty-feeling—'what right have I to be?'—and not a golden-rod of them all soaks in the sunshine or feels the blue currents of the air eddy about him more thoughtlessly than I." Only a few months before his death he wrote to another correspondent, "I think Nature grows more and more beautiful and more companionable as one grows older, and the Earth more motherly-tender to one who will ask to sleep in her lap so soon."

These suggest a few words he once spoke to me, which, as showing this peculiar side of the man, may be worth repeating here.

Some time in the seventies I walked over from the Piccadilly side of London with Mr. Henry James, Jun., to lunch with C. P. Cranch and his family, who were lodging opposite Bloomsbury Square. We were met at the door by Mr. Cranch and his daughter, and we saw that Mrs. Cranch, standing in a bow-window, was in earnest conversation with a gentleman, whose back was turned our way. In a moment or two Cranch said, "Come here, Jim; I want you to know two young countrymen of ours and friends of mine." "Jim" came forward, and, to our surprise, "Jim" was James Russell Lowell! I had never thought that any man alive could call him "Jim." My companion must have known him before; but it was my first meeting with the man whom I regarded, even then, as the first citizen of America. He was quite as charming in his manner as I had found him in his books; one of the most entertaining and agreeable persons I had ever met, and one of the handsomest men, physically, I think, I ever saw. I cannot remember anything of his conversation, except that I told him that only a fortnight or so before I had dined at his own house, Elmwood, with the Ole Bulls, who were his tenants; and that I had smoked a cigar in his library, and had looked at the backs of his books, finding no little satisfaction in reading, among the many titles, works of all kinds which were in my own collection. He replied that he did not care so much for his books as for his trees; and could I tell him how they were looking, and how they were feeling? "I'm sure they miss me," he said. "They seem to droop when I go away, and I *know* they brighten and bloom when I go back to them, and speak to them, and shake hands with their lower branches!" He spoke seriously and tenderly, and I was rewarded with a very appreciative and responsive smile when I replied, "'They half forgive you being human.'"

I next met Mr. Lowell half a dozen years later, when Booth was playing at the Adelphi. I was sitting in Booth's own box, with his wife and daughter. Between the acts the usher announced "The American Minister," and I arose to slip out and make room for the new-comer, presuming, of course, that I had been entirely forgotten; but he stopped me in the dark passageway, held out his hand in his cordial manner, and asked, "How are the dear Cranches?"

Lowell was associated with one of the most curious experiences of my life—curious because it cannot be explained.

I remember distinctly going to a large dinner at the Savage Club, in London, as the guest of Harry Beckett, the actor I remember distinctly sitting between Beckett and Samuel Phelps, at the lower end of one of two long tables, far away from the raised platform upon which the guests of honor were placed. I remember that it was at the time of an unsuccessful movement to erect a monument to Lord Byron in Westminster Abbey, and that the members of the Savage Club had subscribed largely for the testimonial, and were greatly chagrined at the opposition raised in influential quarters. I remember that the Prince of Wales was to have presided at the feast, but was absent, and I remember wondering afterwards what would have happened if he had been in the chair. I don't remember who *did* preside, but I remember that the several speakers alluded to the Byron matter, and very bitterly And I remember when Lowell arose to speak that those of us who were not near enough to catch his words crowded forward to the dais in order to miss nothing of his wonderful eloquence. And I remember with absolute distinctness that this, in part, is what he said, clearly, solemnly, and most impressively, "The Dean and Chapter of your great Abbey of Westminster have refused a resting-place to the pedestal of a statue of one of the greatest of your poets, in the ground which is polluted by the rotten ashes of the mistresses of your kings!" I remember perfectly the effect of these words, the profound silence which followed, the catching of breaths, the looks of astonishment, and then the sudden outburst of enthusiasm and wild cheering.

I remember all this as if it happened yesterday. And yet I am assured that it never happened at all I am told by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton that he never heard of Lowell's having made such a speech, that he hardly thinks he could have made such a speech. Beckett and Phelps are dead. I can find no one who ever heard of such a dinner; I can find no record of it in any of the London journals. I could not have invented it. I did not dream it. How do the psychologists account for it?

Laurence Hutton.

THE RECORD OF A SNEEZE.

EXPRESSED in simplest terms, sneezing is caused by a stimulus applied to the lining membrane of the nose. An impulse is carried to the respiratory centre by the nasal and other branches of the fifth nerves. The business (so-to speak) of the sneeze consists of a deep inspiration, then a closing of the glottis, followed by an explosive expiration; then the forced opening of the glottis and posterior nares. The facial distortion is the farce of the sneeze. It is a purely reflex action, and you may not sneeze at will. To produce it, however, in good style, you may use a stimulant, and then nature makes a determined effort to drive off the irritating substance. Perhaps there is more in sneezing than physiologists can account for. Sternutation in the beginning of man's animal life might have been of vital importance.

I would not discuss that difficult subject of pleasure and pain, and how they are not so far apart, for both are in a measure combined in a sneeze. There is, however, a curious phenomenon in the sneeze, and that is that there exists, if but for the fractional portion of a second, something like a collapse. Might it not be accounted for? By the sudden closing of the glottis the pent-up air becomes over-saturated with carbonic acid gas, and then comes to the brain the oblivious condition. May that not allay what might be a really painful sensation, the outburst of a large volume of air through that delicate organ the nose? Somebody versed in human dynamics ought to measure the force of a regulation sneeze, and the power of it would be found to be surprising. Without, then, this half-comatose condition, which is the prelude to the sneeze, the muscular effect might be painful.

A heavy volume might be compiled devoted to sneeze-lore. What we know is this—that a sneeze is kindly greeted all over the world, and that if in parts of Europe and America snuff-taking is no longer in vogue, among savage races the use of tobacco introduced into the nose is rapidly increasing as a habit. There is only one Irish story Mr. Le Fanu tells about the sneeze which struck me as novel. When an Irishman hears a natural unpremeditated sneeze he says, "God bless you!" If he believes, however, that the sneeze has been induced by tobacco, he modifies his congratulations. "God bless you," he says, "barring the snuff!"

The Edison kinetoscope gives the entire record of a sneeze from the first taking of a pinch of snuff to the recovery. As seen in this wonderful mechanical device of Mr. Edison's invention, when he exhibits the series of photographs the figure actually sneezes, and the phonograph as an accompanist sounds the precise "as-shew." The illusion is so perfect that you involuntarily say, "Bless you!"

Looking at the eighty-one prints taken in about two seconds—or, to be exactly correct, forty pictures to the second—the gradual changes are seen.

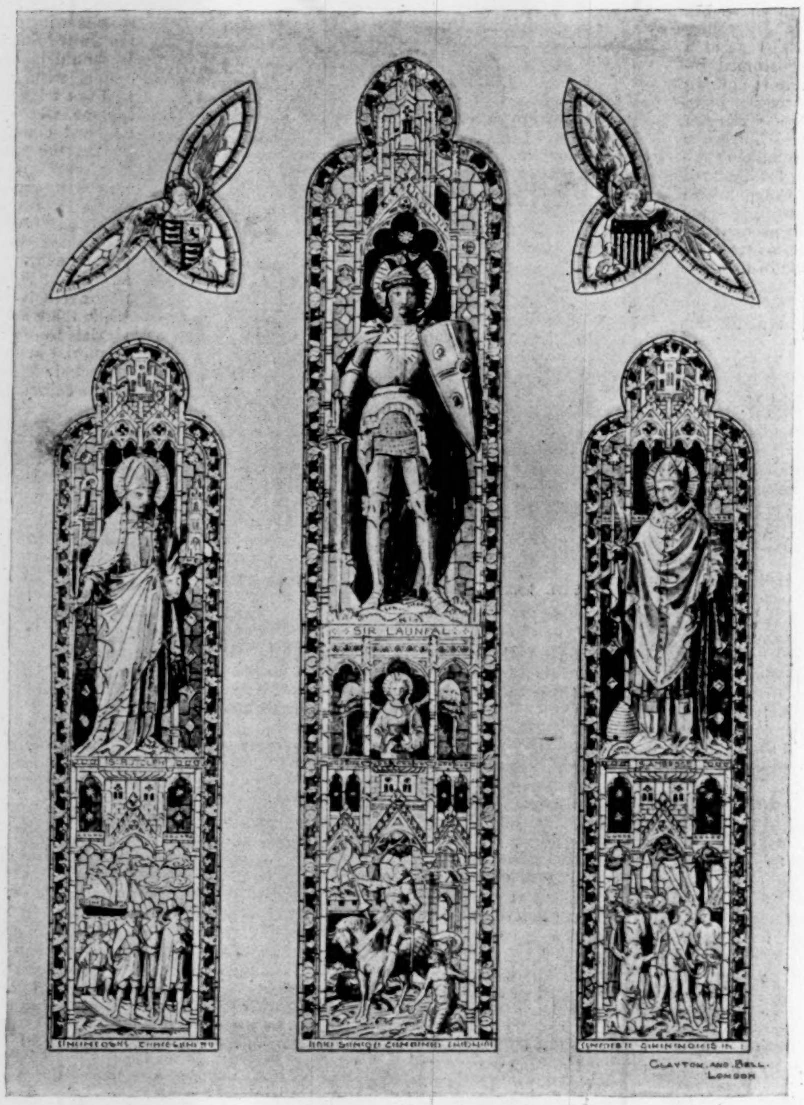
For purposes of study the numerals from 1 to 9 have been put on the top of the print, and the letters from A to I on the side. Any point particularly mentioned in the eighty-one may be found at the intersection of the numeral and letter lines. In this way the marked differences of the sneeze are observable. I might designate A 1 as the priming; C 2, the nascent sensation; G 2, the first distortion; G 3, expectancy; E 4, premeditation; I 5, preparation; C 6, beatitude; A 8, oblivion; A 9, explosion; I 9, recovery. This curious gamut of grimace and sound the kinetoscope has exactly scored.

We know that in the workings of nature our eyes and our ears only take heed of what are the salient impressions, because the minutiæ escape us. As there is the partially unseen, so there is undoubtedly the partially unheard. I am not going to argue as to the advantages of mechanical devices in an art sense, but in a scientific way their benefits we barely appreciate to-day.

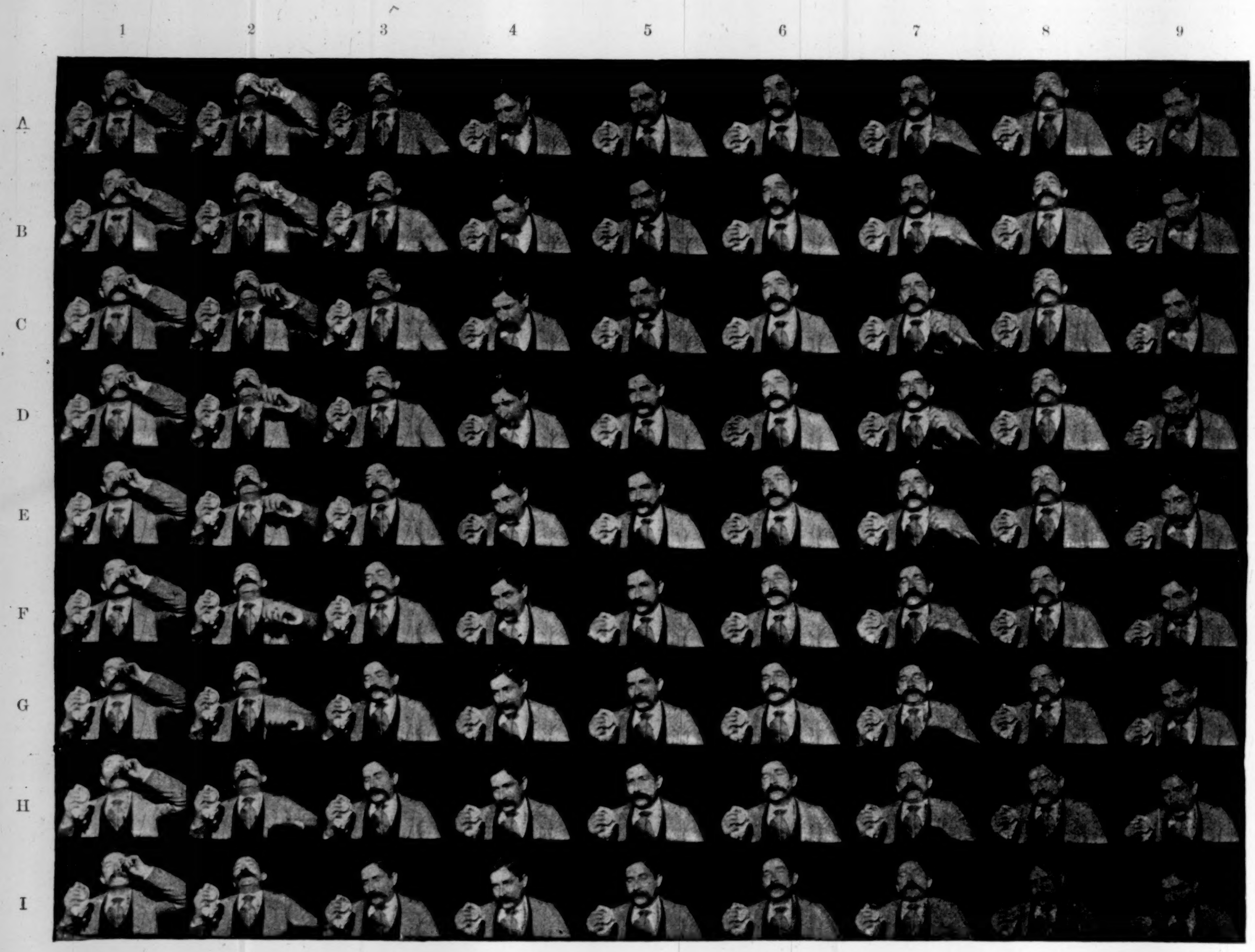
Take this kinetoscopic record of a sneeze, a topic inclined to excite a smile, and let us try and rise higher.

Within the last ten years the one great thing which has put us in closer touch with the heavens has been photography. It is not the lense working alone to-day which satisfies our requirements; it must be in partnership with the sensitive film. We are certain to demand greater delicacy, a larger accumulation of minute facts in our observatories, and so the time must come when we will ask for more than the varied expressions of a star. Some day, then, the heavens will have star phases kinetoscopically recorded.

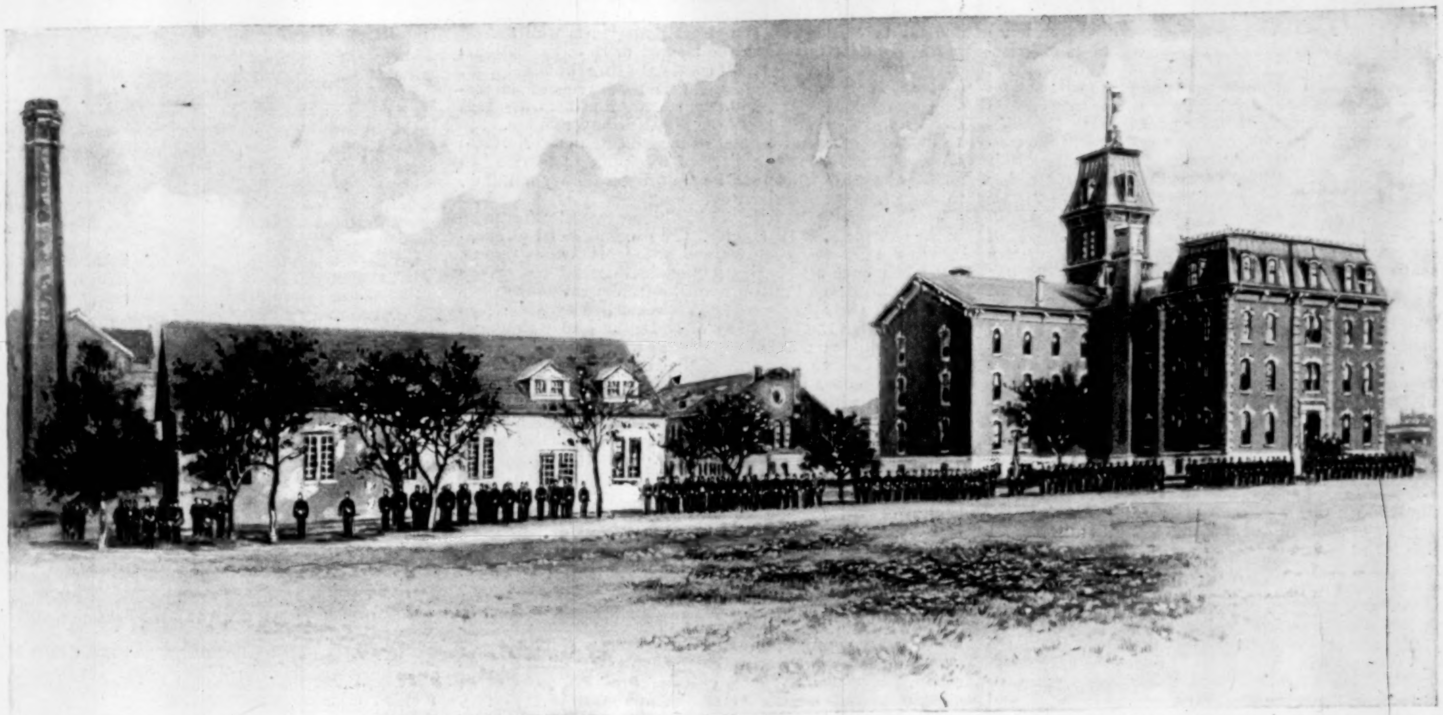
BARNET PHILLIPS.



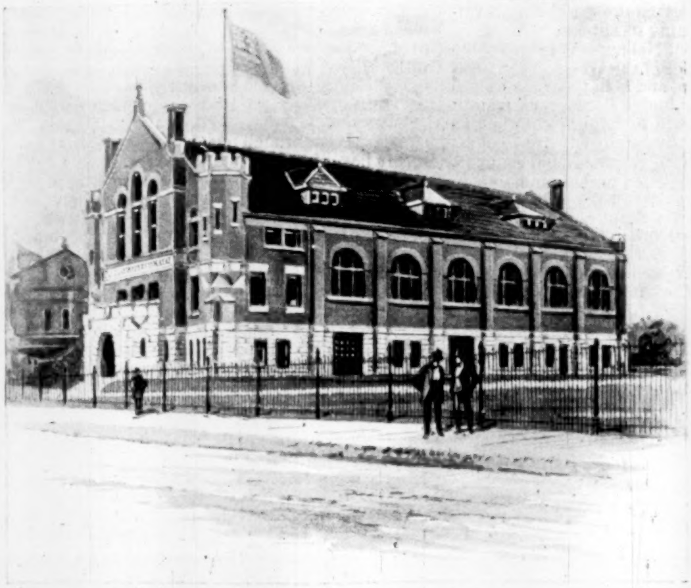
THE LOWELL-MEMORIAL WINDOW, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
Designed and Drawn by John Clayton.—(See Page 277.)



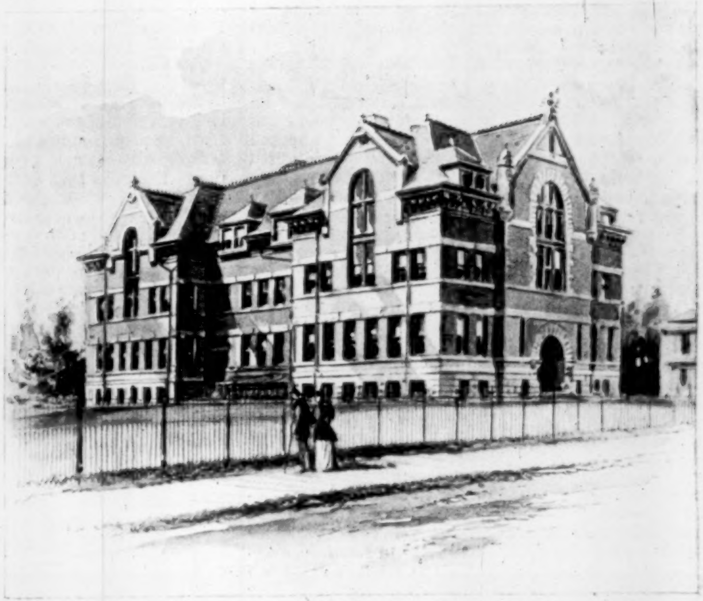
EDISON KINETOSCOPIC RECORD OF A SNEEZE.—FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY W. K. L. DICKSON.


University Hall.

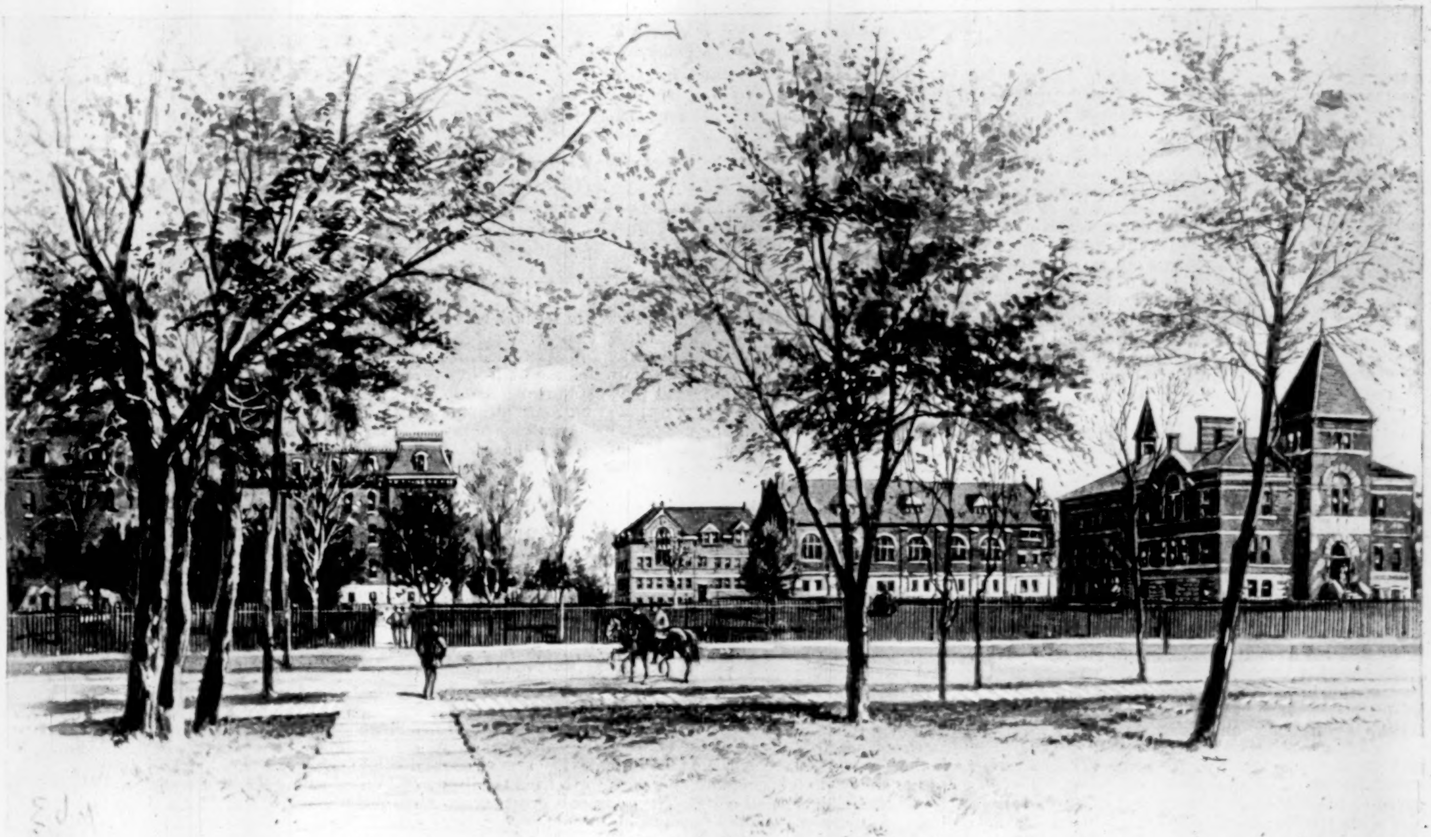
THE CADET BATTALION.



GRANT MEMORIAL HALL.



NEBRASKA HALL (INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE).


University Hall.
Nebraska Hall.
Grant Memorial Hall.
Chemical Laboratory.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMPUS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker from Photographs.—[See Page 282.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

To look at the flag sidewalks and substantial iron fence surrounding the University Green, one would hardly imagine it had ever served as a pasture for town horses. Yet that is what it was often used for surreptitiously, and as recently as the summer of 1885. Then it was that eastern Nebraska at last gave way to influences coming from beyond the Missouri. The last coyote was killed in the outskirts of the capital city that year. The last patch of buffalo-grass had just yielded to the inroads of red clover from the East. The draymen of Lincoln looked upon this lush importation as legitimate pasturage, and appropriated the campus—at night—in the free and easy way people of the West have. To-day the University of Nebraska has a permanent endowment in the industries of the State, one thousand two hundred students, and a faculty of sixty-seven professors and instructors.

It is this union of stability with rapidity of growth that the Easterner finds it so hard to understand. It seems impossible to him that anything but superficiality can result from such quickness of development. He comes out here now and then to investigate for himself. But more frequently he stays at home behind the Alleghanies, and thinks of Western universities in a general way as "the mushroom colleges of the prairies," or something of that sort. The householder of the West with boys and girls to educate sees expressions like this in print not infrequently, and always takes kindly to them. But he indemnifies himself by insisting that "mushroom" makes him think of that allied bit of vegetation called *moss*.

The first thing the people did who came to Nebraska after the war was to write the preamble to their State Constitution and establish a system of public schools. As the head of this system they provided for a university that should one day be the equal of any in the land. Then they broke the prairie sod, sought out a clay bank to make the bricks and a sand pit for the mortar, hauled the necessary lumber thirty miles from the nearest railway station, over bluffs and gullies, and erected the central building. They fenced off four squares of ground about it, planted certain trees to serve for ornament—if they lived—and went away. Thus upon the open parched prairies, in the midst of winter blizzards and summer sand-storms, the work of higher education in Nebraska was begun.

The charter incorporating the University of Nebraska bears date of February 15, 1869, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of this founding has just been fitly celebrated by the townsfolk, the students and alumni, representatives from its fifty-five accredited schools, with several hundred invited guests. The first graduating class, consisting of a valedictorian and salutatorian, was sent forth in 1873. Then came a period of trial to the new State. The soil of the prairies was rich beyond the fondest expectations of the first settlers. But the warm plentiful summer rains of the East were yet unknown upon the plains. The scorched frouzy buffalo-grass and dwarfed wind-twisted cottonwoods were too clearly symptomatic of the new climate. For years the crops were successively burned up by the sun, eaten up by grasshoppers, and blown away by the wind. The period of depression that followed could not but be felt at the university, for the main revenue came from the people themselves. The regents and faculty were in addition drawn into one of the inevitable religious disputes that have so often beset the early life of State colleges. But in spite of all, the university sent forth graduates each year throughout the dark period, some to fill positions of trust in the State, some even to achieve a national reputation.

One can best appreciate the primitive conditions of those days by glancing over the ponderous titles affixed to the names of the professors. One notes especially a "Professor of Natural Sciences" and an "Instructor in Rhetoric, English Literature, and History." This is what the Eastern editors and educators have in mind when they smile over the "mushroom" colleges of the West. But they have really been asleep ten years. In 1885 the tide turned. A great wave of immigration had set in. Within the next five years the city of Lincoln grew from 20,000 to 55,000 inhabitants. The university was forced by its close relation to the people to keep pace with the material advancement of the State. Its principal source of revenue was a tax of three-eighths of a mill on each dollar of taxable property. Soon a full professorship was allotted to each of the sciences, and where it seemed proper to divide a chair associate professors and instructors were provided. There is now a department of chemistry with laboratories and equipment valued at $100,000; a department of physics with two professors and additional instructors; a department of botany with an herbarium of 35,000 specimens; a department of zoology with full equipment of apparatus and illustrative material; there are strong departments of geology and entomology. The new science of electrical engineering is equipped with laboratory appliances valued at $45,000, and civil engineering is recognized to the extent of a full professorship. There are departments also of manual training, military science, agriculture, and horticulture. The last two subjects are taught practically in connection with the State farm of 320 acres, situated in the outskirts of the city, and fully equipped with buildings, stock, orchards, and various experimental appliances.

The subjects of study in the academic college are as fully differentiated as in the industrial. Each chair is occupied by a specialist. There are departments of Greek, Latin, mathematics, Germanic languages, romance languages, American history, European history, philosophy, economics, English literature, and each department has full facilities for instruction and investigation. There is, finally, a department of physical training under two directors, a lady and a gentleman. Work in this is required of both men and women in each college. Tuition in all the courses in both colleges is, by legislative enactment, absolutely free, not only to students from Nebraska, but to everybody from anywhere.

The act of the Legislature incorporating the university provided for the establishment of five colleges—a college of literature, science, and arts, an industrial college, a college of law, a college of medicine, and a college of fine arts. The first two have developed as we have seen. The college of law, opened in 1891, is in prosperous operation. The college of medicine is beginning to be talked of. The college of fine arts has not yet been organized; but all demands are met by the instruction offered in music, drawing, painting, and clay-modelling.

All the collections, books, and materials necessary to work so varied are housed in four large substantial brick buildings and one commodious wooden structure, occupying four squares near the business centre of the city. These buildings are known as University Hall, Nebraska Hall, the Chemical Laboratory, the Electrical Laboratory, and Grant Memorial Hall. The last is devoted to physical training and military science. The Cadet Battalion is well known in the West, having taken the maiden prize in the national competitive drills of 1892. It consists of three hundred men, divided into four companies, and the three arms of the service, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, are represented. It is commanded by an officer of the regular army, and is said to be looked upon at West Point as second only to the National Corps of Cadets in excellence of discipline and drill. In addition to the "halls" and laboratories, a library building, to cost $100,000, is under way.

The University of Nebraska has been especially fortunate in the excellence of its faculty. The main official publication is the *University Studies*, and not a few articles therein published have attracted attention in England and on the Continent. Several members of the faculty are industrious authors in their specialties. It is remarked by Americans in Europe that the University of Nebraska is as widely and favorably known abroad as any State university.

For the college year 1893-4 the roster of the university shows the names of 1184 students. These would compare very oddly with the student body of Harvard or Yale or Princeton. In the first place, they would be poorer, for at least half of them are making their own way. They would have the advantage at least in purpose and power. There are a few snobs among them, and some even that cultivate the Eastern swagger; but as a whole they are a joyous, healthful, hard-working lot of young men and women, true representatives of the plains. They work hard, and dissipate very little. There is not a single "rule" to govern them. The authorities have never had any trouble with hazing, drunkenness, or "pranks" of any sort. These evils have not yet reached us.

The university is coeducational in each and every department. The young men and young women work side by side in the laboratories, and sit side by side in the classrooms. I suspect the good judgment and earnestness that mark their work are due to this fact more than to any other. The spiritualizing influences of the sexes on each other I do not think has ever been better illustrated or more fully realized. Coeducation is firmly established in the nine chief State universities, with an aggregate of from 10,000 to 15,000 students. The West has given the world a most valuable object-lesson in demonstrating its success.

The history of the University of Nebraska is in gross the history of all the State universities of the West. Each owes its origin to legislative enactment, and is in theory as well as in fact a public school. Each obtains its revenue mainly from taxation, though also through Federal appropriations for the advancement of agricultural and industrial education. Each has been endowed with grants of land set apart by the authority of the United States as a foundation to meet the expenses of instruction. Each is logically the head of the public-school system in its State, and is recruited from numerous high-schools and other secondary institutions. Each keeps pace with the advancement or retrogression of the community. Each is non-sectarian, and is jealously guarded from all untoward influences, secular and religious. All are pledged to furnish the most thorough and liberal culture which their revenues will allow. Collectively they represent the highest point of efficiency yet reached by free public education in this country.

THE WINTER ROSE.

White rose, a-dream beneath the frost-etched glass,
You hear the North its surly trumpet blow;
You see the dark clouds gather in the sky;
You see the snow-storm whirling through the air,
Blurring the landscape with a silver haze.

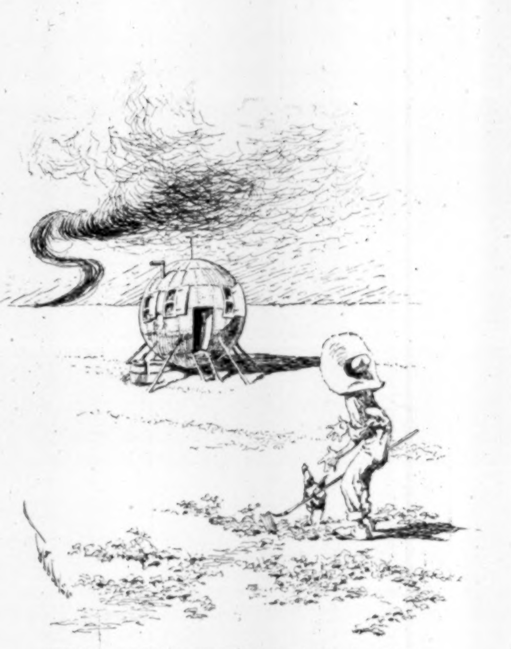
Flower of summer, bride of luscious June,
When bluebirds flute, and bees on joyous wings
Drift lazily in amorous argosies
About the white and rosy clover blooms,
How strange a destiny is yours, to blow
In fullest flower, breathing fragrance rare
When winter moans across the dreary moors,
And in the meadow pipes no bobolink!

How strange a fate to be the summer's queen,
And in your peerless beauty never know
The golden summer with its honeyed smile!

R. K. Munkittrick.

AT THE NEW YORK RIDING-SCHOOLS.

In the neighborhood of Central Park are located many riding-schools—or "academies," as they are often called—and it needs but a short tour of inspection to show that New-Yorkers, not of the "horsy set" who watch the high-steppers, the hackneys, and hunters at the annual Horse Show, do a great deal of riding on their own account. On pleasant days you may meet the riding-master, with a cavalcade of beginners under his care, trotting or galloping along the bridle-path in the Park. But to see the school you must visit the buildings on the surrounding avenues. The horses are of all kinds and descriptions, from the Western cayuse to the English colt, or the long-tailed dandy of *haute école* teaching. The riding costumes are quite as various, and riders whose one ambition is to "go out alone" jog around with a leading-halter. Every now and then exhibitions are held, and the friends and families of the pupils gather and fill the galleries. The master—generally an Englishman or a count or baron (there are two noblemen now teaching the beautiful art)—comes out in all the splendor of white breeches and patent-leather boots; his horse seems to share in his master's pride, and to the music of a brass band goes through his paces. The young men jump, wrestle, and ride at tilts. The lady riders don their best habits; the friends and families applaud; it is a great sight. One of the popular games is the "jeu de barre." A ribbon is tied about the arm of one of the gallant knights, and another goes forth from the lists to get that ribbon at all costs. Then ensues a great scramble, and often some good horsemanship; round the ring they go, turning and twisting, until one of the contestants secures the bit of color or the other retains it. Then the victor (in either case) goes up to the young lady who wears the bottle-green habit, and presents it with the grace and ease of a champion. They have lanciers, Virginia reels, and if a pleasant evening is desired, it pays one to visit one of the academies. The time will not be thrown away.



THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XIV.—THE GLOBULAR CYCLONE-HOUSE.

Jackson Peters leaned back in his chair, and slowly blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "Jones," he said, "I want to ask your opinion in regard to the probability of a story which was told me the other day."

"Well, Jackson?" was the guarded reply of the cautious Jones.

"It struck me," continued Peters, "that a man who had told as many—that is to say, a man who has told as much of what I may call awe-inspiring truth as you have ought to be a good judge of the probability of a story. It was a cyclone story which I was going to ask you about."

"Most cyclone stories are palpable lies, Jackson."

"No doubt. The point is this: He said he had seen straws driven through inch boards by the force of the wind."

"It never happened, Jackson. That is a stock lie told of every cyclone that blows. Your friend imposed upon your youth, my boy. He would never have dared to tell such a manifest and self-heralding lie to Robinson or Smith. I must admit, though, that the force of the wind in a genuine cyclone is considerable. When I lived in Kansas, in the '70's, I had a quantity of poultry, but it was all blown away in the first cyclone of the season except one black Spanish rooster. He clung to a grass root with his bill, and allowed his tail to crack and whip in the wind like a yacht pennant. He rode out the gale, though most of his feathers were blown off. Subsequently I found some of them embedded over half an inch in my grindstone."

"Yes," returned Peters, "I presume my friend *was* trying to impose upon my adolescence."

"I think so, Jackson. I had considerable experience with cyclones that summer in Kansas. But I learned to handle myself so that I did not mind them much. I soon saw the fallacy of depending on cyclone cellars and that sort of thing. The fundamental difficulty with all such things is that you try to hold yourself firmly in one place. It is as if a ship in a gale should tie up to a post (supposing mid-ocean posts, for the time being) instead of driving before the tempest. The first cyclone that summer I of course went down cellar, like other folks. My house was soon blown away, but I crouched in the cellar and felt safe. The next thing I knew the cellar went too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. With infinite labor I crawled back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of. To my consternation, I found that that had blown away also. I then followed the example of the rooster, clung to a root, and allowed my legs to flutter and snap in the gale like a weather-signal flag.

"When the wind subsided, toward night, and objects began to come down—a hay-stack here, a man there, a wagon somewhere else—I set myself at work on a plan to prevent any such awkward occurrence in the future. Applying the principle of non-resistance, I constructed a spherical house about twelve feet in diameter. It was an exact ball, covered with light boiler-plates, and with iron shutters for the doors and windows. It was not the most convenient house inside, but by fitting it up like a ship—that is, utilizing every inch of space, no matter where it was, for some purpose—it did very well. I had a bunk on one side for sleeping purposes, with straps to hold myself in.

"The first cyclone came up one afternoon while I was hoeing my watermelons. Tucking my faithful rooster under my arm, I retired to my house and closed the shutters. I got into the bunk, taking the rooster with me, and strapped myself in. We got off in about ten minutes, rolling easily at first, but bounding along with greater rapidity after we had gone a short distance. The motion was peculiar, but not so violent as that of a Fifth Avenue stage. It was pleasanter when we were moving at right angles to the plane of my bunk than when parallel to it, as in the latter case we were standing on our heads a good part of the time. The rooster did not mind it so much as I feared he would, and occasionally I could hear him crowing lustily under the clothes.

"I fell into a light sleep after a while. When I awoke the motion seemed much steadier, though there was an occasional terrific bump. I peeped through a small crack and soon saw the reason. The wind had greatly increased, and we were being carried through the air near the ground, only striking on the high places. Afterwards we settled down to a fast roll on a long, level prairie. We passed several ordinary houses, which, being squared-cornered, could not make so good time. I could see that the face of nature was being furrowed up, and the landscape blown about right and left. I held my rooster up, and let him peep out. He crowed and flapped his wings heroically as we easily passed a large Episcopal church, which was pitching heavily and making poor time, owing to the fact that the steeple was ploughing into the ground every few rods. We crossed the Arkansas River with one bound, and shortly after rolled into a little gully—or draw, as they call it in Kansas—and lodged there. The wind soon quieted down. Leaving my rooster on the dressing-case, I went out, and ascertained from a man who had just come up from a deep well that we were in the Indian Territory. Fortunately a cyclone came along from the other direction two days later and blew us back home. When I released my rooster he went back and began scratching in the garden as if nothing had happened."

"How did you stop at your farm?" inquired Peters.

"Jackson," replied Jones, "your mania for inquiry has struck you too late. You should have become inquisitorial yesterday, when your friend told you of observing hay in the act of perforating heavy lumber. You show a lack of the ability to judge of historical values when, after swallowing that story like a three years' child, you begin to demand sordid details of a plain tale from the prairies like mine." H. C.

NAMING APARTMENT-HOUSES.

"THANK goodness," I heard a lady say as she left the door of the apartment-house in which she lived, but with which she was not wholly in love, "the house has no preposterous name in gilded letters over the door." I took a short walk with this lady, and when we returned a sign-painter was busily at work fixing on the glass of the door one of the most preposterous and inappropriate names possible to imagine. The good lady was quite overcome. When she had somewhat regained her strength she made some inquiries, only to learn that the wealthy owner of the apartment-house had selected the name, and ordered it to be put up in imposing gilt letters. She learned further that the owner, in the words of the boy at the door, was "very much stuck on the name." The lady wisely concluded that the man did not know what the name meant, and that therefore it would be a waste of time to protest. When I had helped her up the steep and narrow stairs I made a little pilgrimage in that section of the town, and took some notes as to the names of the houses.

These notes, I think, establish the rule that the poorer the house the finer the name. This rule, like every other one, is subject to exceptions. In streets lined on either side with crowded tenements that the greatest stretch of courtesy would not permit one even to call flats, I found houses with splendid historic names—the Pembroke, the Warwick, the Sidney, and the Bayard, for instance. These names did not mean anything, because each of them is repeated many times in New York. Then I found very nice looking houses—houses in which the tenants insisted that they lived in apartments, not in flats—with names such as Amy, Jessie, Lulu, and so on. I could not help wondering that I did not find a house called Mary Ann, or Sally in the Alley, but I did not, though I am sure such names would be quite as appropriate, and not much more humorous.

Travel is justly held to be a wonderful source of cultivation; cultivation is the sure source of good taste. And yet this perpetual naming of houses, both big and little, is the direct result of travel. There are of us many who pretend to scoff at English customs and manners, but this, after all, is only a pretence—it is not serious and genuine enough to prevent us from making ourselves now and again a trifle ridiculous. This naming of apartment-houses is a custom that we have to a very great extent borrowed from England, and, as is the case with most borrowed things, we would be better off without it. To be sure, apartment-houses are not common in England, and the few that do exist as frequently as not are known by their street numbers instead of by any given names. But the pretty little villas in the green lanes of England, all these are named, and the names are writ big, so the passing wayfarer may see them without more than half trying. If these humble abodes have names, why should not the Renaissance, the Lyonhurst, the Amy, or the Jessie each have its name too? These apartment-houses cost more, they are larger, they are in every way more important, so why not? The chief reason against putting up these names to New York apartment-houses is that they are a waste of gilt letters, for the names are never used by the tenants who have any regard for the accurate delivery of their letters and parcels.

It is different, however, with the cozy villas in England. A name for a villa in the country is quite necessary, unless the occupant paint his own name conspicuously on the front gate. At every house in England there is at least one mail delivery every day, and as these villas have no numbers, the name of the villa is essential to the quick delivery of anything sent by post. There the names serve a distinct purpose, and when our postal service shall have been so improved that the letter-carriers' rounds extend everywhere, each little farm-house nestling in the valley and each imposing villa on the hill-top will have its own name. Whether the names will be appropriate or not is another question. Last summer I called on a gentleman whose people came from County Cavan in Ireland. He had built a charming house on the summit of a high hill, and on the stone gate-post was carved the name of his country home, "Cavandale." So if we are likely to have dales on the hill-tops all over the land, it is hazardous to predict that the country names when they become necessary will also be appropriate.

And still another fashion has been snatched from England, and so perverted in its use here that few knew what the people who appropriated it were driving at. The English village tavern patronized by the servants of the great nobleman of the neighborhood frequently on its sign displays that nobleman's arms, and therefore the tavern is known as the Marlborough Arms or the Warwick Arms, just as the tavern having on its sign a black horse or a white goat is known as the Black Horse Tavern or the White Goat Inn. But in these recent years we find that apartment-houses and hotels are called Arms, apparently without the faintest idea of what is meant. Uptown in New York there is an incomplete structure called Casa Alameda Hotel, the name-giver evidently not being aware that *casa* is the Spanish for hotel. The curious freaks that have produced the names of the apartment-houses in New York are not less wonderful than the pious ignorance of the negro women who in the days of slavery in the South gave to their children such amazing names as Acts of the Apostles and Lamentations of Jeremiah.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A SINGULAR FORM OF MONOMANIA.

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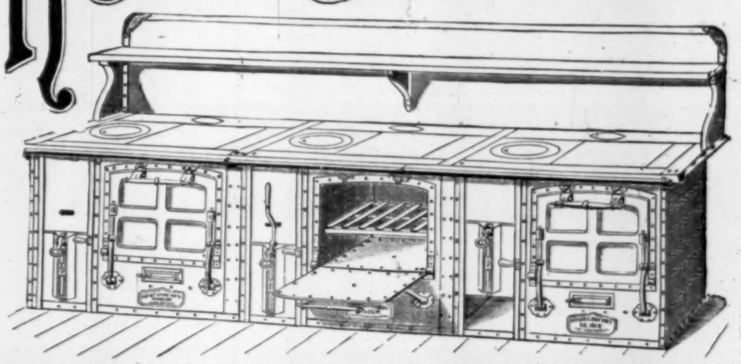

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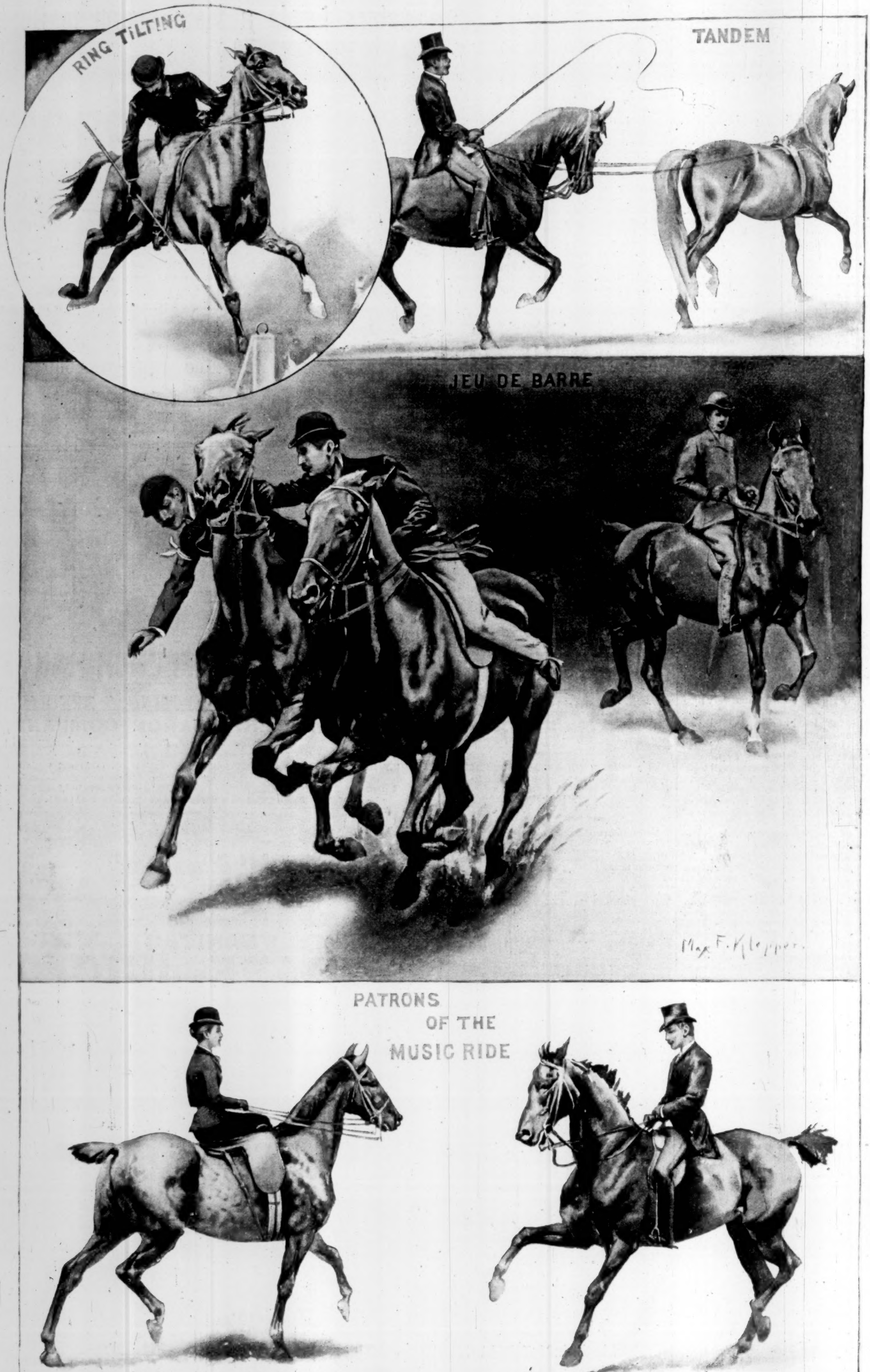
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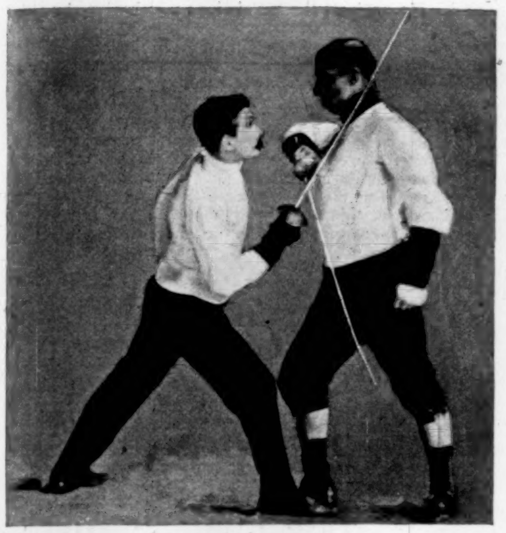
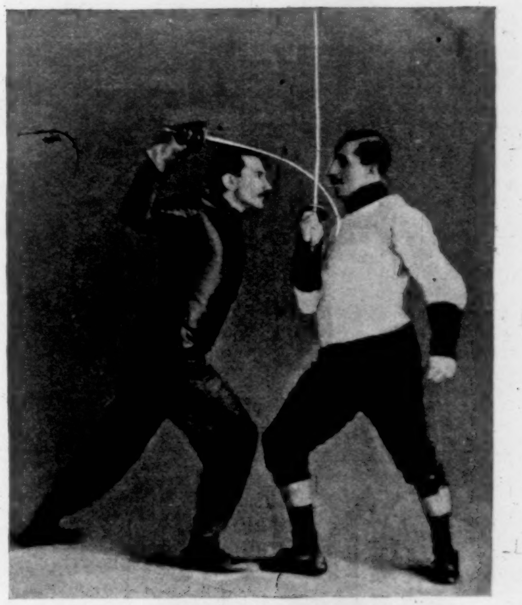


CORPS-À-CORPS, ITALIAN SABRES: PESSINA AND PINI.



CORPS-À-CORPS, ITALIAN FOILS: GRECO AND PINI.

AMATEVR · SPORT

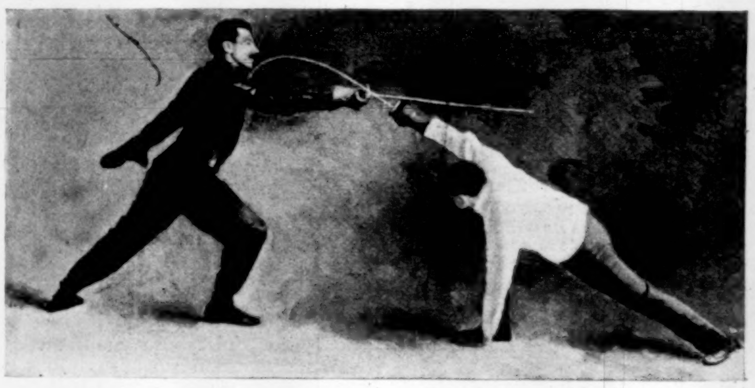
Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is at present in England in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *making a careful study of Amateur Sport in Great Britain. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department is supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

FRENCH AND ITALIAN SWORDSMEN.

School of Parries and School of Touches.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

MOLIÈRE spoke for his day when he defined the art and science of fence as the art of "giving and not receiving," for after his epoch teachers of swordsmanship in Italy, France and Germany still believed and taught that the offensive was far more important than the defensive. But in course of time a change of view took place similar to changes in other sports, which gradually added difficulties, ordained limitations, and equalized chances.



THE CARTOCCIO, OLD ITALIAN STYLE: GRECO AND PESSINA.

The precepts of La Boiessière and the writings of Grisier, a fencing-master for whom the creator of Athos, Porthos, and d'Artagnan wrote a preface, not to speak of recent writers on the manly science, have settled pretty thoroughly that the art of fencing is primarily the art of avoiding, not of giving, blows. It is the art of defence, not of striking.

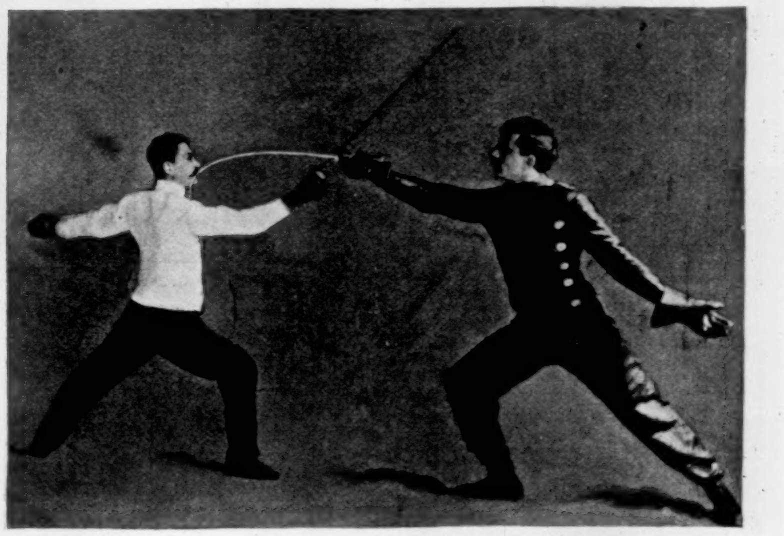
When armor was still worn it was, indeed, useful to have tremendous muscles with the practice of a blacksmith in smiting iron and knowing where the weak spots of harness lay. After armor was discarded fencing began, but its first steps were retarded by the old habits of giving crushing blows and using the edge of the sword more than the point. It is really this century, oddly enough, when gentlemen no longer carry swords, that has seen fencing develop into such an art as its name implies and demands. In other words, from having been an art of offence, fencing has become an art of defence. No longer the resource of the swashbuckler and hired bravo, it is a game by which peaceable citizens keep themselves in health, and incidentally learn to protect themselves from violent men. Not death-dealing but death-avoiding is the province of the sword considered as an art. The foil is the instrument of practice by which the drudgery of learning becomes a sport full of interest.

But there are professional fencers who cling to the old theories, and encourage amateurs to boast of the points they make on opponents, rather than quickness and craft with parries. In this country amateurs of fencing are only beginning to get a glimpse of the fallacy. Public contests for medals are still chaotic affairs in which science goes for little, and the slugger with the foil comes out ahead in points. Crudeness in the conception of what fencing as an art really is produces the disadvantage that contests lack the first basis for good results. They lack the amateurs who are competent to act as judges of bouts, and apportion the awards in accordance with sound rules of the game.

Modern fencing as a fine art preserves what was good in the spirit of chivalry, and drops the evil traits by which that spirit was deformed. Technically it has gone far beyond the science of the *trois mousquetaires.* Swordsmanship is not merely the best exercise for body and mind. In the hands of men like Grisier and Mérignac it is a school of manners and morals. It is now part of the training of a gentleman and lady, coming in a liberal education after dancing during the years succeeding childhood. But one of its peculiarities is that it can be taken up and successfully practised at any age, so elastic are the provisions for instruction.

Improving slowly at all points during the last three centuries, fencing has become far more general in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and parts of Germany than ever before, and is making rapid strides in the United States. Since the foundation of the Fencers Club in New York twelve years ago the number of instructors has rapidly increased; the overflow has supplied Chicago, Boston, and New Haven. Clubs have been formed of late in Boston, Montreal, New Orleans, and Salt Lake City to practise fencing as a game. A little monthly called *The Swordsman* is the organ for the Amateur Fencers League of America. Fencing among undergraduates is no longer confined to the military and naval schools. The universities of Columbia, Yale and Harvard have placed it among their regular sports.

But this boom in fencing will be worse than useless if certain old and unchangeable factors are neglected, which have been fixed in the art by generations of able teachers, for the greater part Frenchmen, occasionally Spaniards, more rarely Italians and Belgians.



RIPOSTE OVER ARM, ITALIAN FOILS: PESSINA AND GRECO.

The cleft between the old theory that fencing is the art of touching your opponent, a theory which seems to stand to common-sense when the object of a duel with sharp points is considered, and the later belief that fencing is first of all the art of not being touched, the art of parrying—this cleft was neatly shown in New York last December.

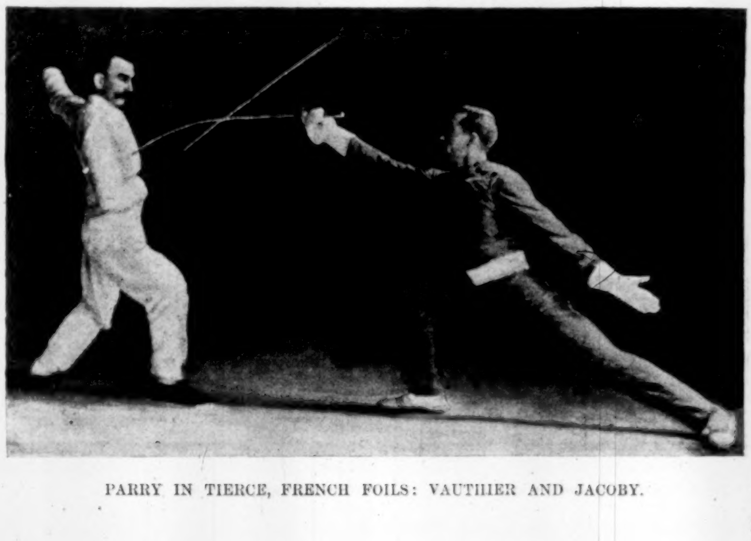
A trio of Italians appeared who are not unknown in Europe—the Athos, Porthos, d'Artagnan of Italy. They belong in greater or less degree to the category in which the French used popularly to class all teachers of fencing—their own as well as others. They belong to *les toucheurs*—touchers, not parriers—believers in fencing offensive, not fencing defensive. Their methods naturally lend themselves far better than the system of parriers to public contests before audiences who do not know fencing or its rules, and only think of the foil as a merciful substitute for the sharp swords of gladiators. The divergence of the two schools, which may be roughly termed the old and the new, or the Italian and the French, is really one of long standing. At present the old, or the touchers, have lost ground in France, but manage to hold their own in Italy—once the nursery of fencers who used the long rapier. The merits of the two schools are naturally obscure enough to the public.

Cavaliere E. Pini is a phenomenon among fencers, and at present represents best the Italian *toucheurs*, men who believe in, or at any rate use in public, a much livelier style than is considered the proper thing on Parisian fencing-floors.

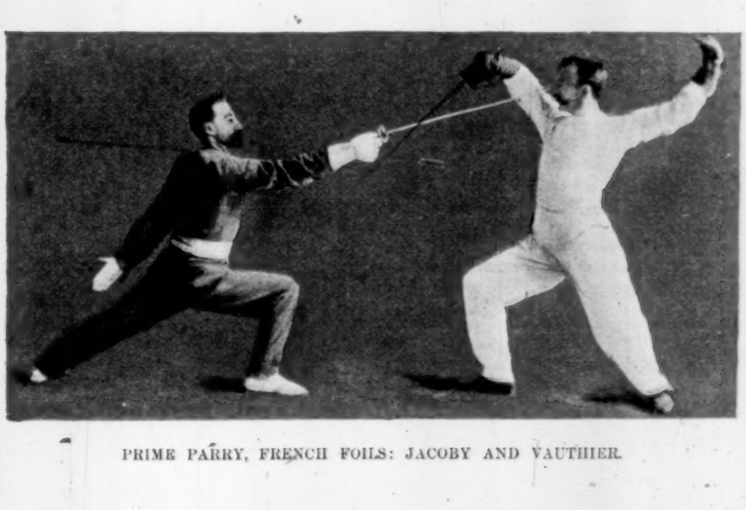
Pini is endowed with great physical power, big biceps, large leg muscles; he uses these advantages to the fullest extent. He requires more than double the stage usually allowed to fencers in Paris, because he practises movements once the delight of French amateurs, but now abhorred by classic French masters, and he must have room for them.

But if this were all of Pini he would be an easy man to defeat. He adds to the traits of a gymnast a remarkable eye for distance, and an excellent judgment in choosing the second when his opponent's attention is diverted by his curious performance. Then he flashes forward from a great distance and plants his blow. Why not? it is very natural to ask. Isn't it the point of the game to make points? And shouldn't it be his opponent's care to parry and riposte under all circumstances?

It is here that Italians who use Pini's methods part company with those who follow French rules. All of the art, say the Frenchmen, lies not in making points; far from it. Fencing is a sport with rules and conventions which have



PARRY IN TIERCE, FRENCH FOILS: VAUTHIER AND JACOBY.



PRIME PARRY, FRENCH FOILS: JACOBY AND VAUTHIER.

grown up for good reasons—a sport, to be sure, that prepares judgment, eye, and hand for serious work with sharp sword or sabre, but is not free from limitations and hide-bound rules like the duel.

They hold that good fencers cannot be made of men who practise the rush, the wide whirling parries that do not ward a blow, but confuse or try to confuse, the bounds backward and forward, the demivolts and other movements which once were part of fencing, but have been dropped one by one. They also believe that the professor who employs such movements cannot form good pupils, and does not labor for the art, but for his own glory with the ignorant. Nay, more: they hold that sooner or later such practice affects his own hand, until he becomes less formidable in a combat with sharp swords than a man who has clung to the rules. They pretend to have observed that the very man who uses, foil in hand, these extravagant old methods, takes care to drop them all at once if he gets in a duel. And so they cut away the main argument for the style used by these Italians: namely, that their methods are more practical, since they seem more like fencing with the buttoned triangular sword, which governs the immediate school for the duel.

It follows that in contests to settle the relative strength of fencers, credit should not go to him who makes most points, but to him who makes points according to the rules of the game. Hits during a wild passage, flukes, and points made with the feet in wrong places are not counted, or else grudgingly allowed. Extra points are allowed for style. The judges do not strictly adhere to actual points made, but consider the way in which they were led up to. The good fencer is he who remains within the regulations agreed upon, does not attempt to rattle his opponent by cries, stamping, or bounds forward and to the rear, but executes every motion in accordance with a well-devised plan, changing it instantly to meet a hinderance, but ending the passage of arms by baffling or misleading his opponent, and earning the clean final touch as the reward of cool generalship.

It may be imagined how little in common there is between fencing as a master like Pini conducts it when in public, and fencing limited as it is in the modern French schools. He is all fire and fury, stamps, cries out, holds his foil this way and that, strikes the floor with it, whirls about, and tries in every way to confuse and intimidate his adversary. Hence the almost uselessness of pitting one of his kind against a modern French master. There is no common ground. He neglects the restrictions which give the chief interest to foil play.

The positions of the French masters in the cuts indicate clearly enough the composed, untheatrical, logical way of good French fencing, in which little margin is left for advantage by reason of superior strength, height, and bodily vigor. By it men of different traits and powers are placed as much as possible on an equality under the rules. That is the feature of modern French teaching with the foil which recommends it so much to old men, boys, and women, as well as men who realize that sport, to be sport, must allow a certain equality of chances. By eliminating unfair advantages of physique, the game becomes one of mind against mind. Very different is the method often practised in Italy, which is employed by Signor Pini in public.

Some Italian masters do things before an audience which they do not teach on their own floors. They may advocate the parry at home, but in public they are touchers. There is little, for example, to distinguish the teachings of Signor Masaniello Parise, of Rome, from those of the best French masters. But Signor Pini has found that the same tactics as or similar to those formerly employed by Baron di San

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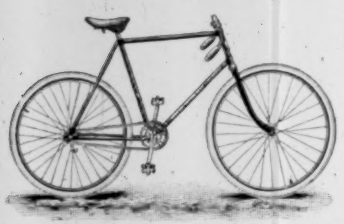

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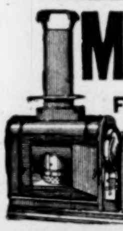

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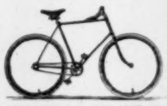

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Malato when visiting Paris are good for purposes of exhibition in other countries than his own. On his first visit to Paris the Genoese master did not use the old style. It was only when he came again, with a revival of old methods, that he gained a passing fame.

Note that Italians are adepts with the sabre or broadsword. To practise it they have reduced the blunt broadsword or foil to a blade of great pliability and lightness. They use the forearm a great deal in sabre-work, differing in that particular from the Neapolitans and the French, who work more from the wrist, and are sometimes accused of treating the sabre too much like a foil.

Italian superiority with a light weapon having a cutting edge near the point, as well as a tolerably sharp point too—a weapon that in these traits singularly approaches the old straight sword for duels—has contributed without a doubt to the retention of some of the old features of rapier play. They use and teach the short light modern French foil; but in actual practice their movements are influenced by their light broadsword. This will explain the eccentric motions in which the Baron di San Malato formerly indulged and Cavaliere Pini readily employs. Bred to the broadsword, when they take the foil in hand they naturally fall into methods better adapted for the old cut-and-thrust sword of the past than modern fencing-tools, which are simply designed for the point.

In all contests where men attack each other, well protected from injury by masks and the bluntness of their weapons, it is hard to make them keep their distance. A Japanese passage at arms ends in a wrestling-match. The *corps à corps* is a vice frowned upon by all fencers in all countries, because it spoils the game. But in Italy, owing to the eminence of the light sabre with its cutting edge, and also in some degree perhaps to the more passionate nature of the people, the *corps à corps* is carried to extremes. The Italian tendency at foil-play is to keep a guard well in front of the body. A nearer guard gives greater play to forearm and wrist, which is what the French seek in their effort to make fencing interesting. A short guard causes men to stand closer; it lures the opponent into range, and provides a stronger spring of the arm when the hand shoots forward. The Italian method of holding the arm out nearly straight, or but little bent, is more like the position Frenchmen take with the buttoned duelling-sword, because the rules of the sword give a point to any touch, whilst the rules of the foil admit as touches only such as are fairly planted on the right chest. To extend the arm when on guard is instinctive when men see sharp points of swords before them. But if you hold the same guard when protected by masks and gloves, then you stand further off than the French style demands; then you cannot reach your opponent's chest by a simple long lunge; then you must use some violence to beat your opponent's guard aside and rush near enough to strike—then you have violated the classic rules, and have brought on a *corps à corps*. Hence the long or so-called Italian guard is provocative of rushes and *corps à corps*.

Observe the foils of the Italians. Although they have given up almost everywhere the very long foil, direct descendant of the old long rapier, they still cling to the bell-shaped guard and crossbar underneath. Over this bar they hook the index finger. Not content with the solidity of grasp thus gained, they still resort to the ribbon or strap to fasten the hilt to the hand. In Naples some fencers bandage the hand to the sword grasp before a bout with as much care and ceremony as a Hindoo binds his turban round his head. The roving masters did not always use the strap or ribbon in New York; but sometimes, if about to fence with a muscular man, they passed a strap round the wrist and the lower part of the handle.

It is well to avoid dogmatism in athletics as well as other things, but a study of the history of fencing will be apt to lead to the conclusion that for foil-work in general the modern French system is the only one practicable. For individuals of certain temperaments and for a spectacular exhibition of feats with the sword the old way has certain easily defined but very limited merits. The old methods are captivating to beginners, and interest audiences who expect great energy and clash of steel. But the more a fencer learns, the less he cares for these traits of the art as it was practised in the two centuries before ours. They find little variety or interest in the game so long as men strive to be touchers rather than parriers, but plenty of chances for the use of brains, acquired good habits and grace, when they resolve to engage for the purpose of parrying first and touching afterwards.

Italian masters like Signor Pini who adhere to the old methods have lingered behind purposely, because they see a chance for notoriety, or unconsciously, because that flamboyant method suits their physical powers and nature. To carry it to the point reached by Pini there is need of uncommon muscles and constant training, such as few people have and can afford. It is one to be recommended to actors, especially in plays with scenes laid several centuries back, for such energy as the old fencers used will delight an audience, and the style will be right for the epoch. In modern fencing for the art of swordsmanship, however, the merit which it possesses of pleasing uncritical audiences by its noise and monkey tricks is almost annulled by its way of driving fencers on each other in a series of *corps à corps*, which the judges are prompt to stop, necessitating delays in the passage of arms. These prevent that elaboration of feints, parries, coupés, liements, and other delicate movements of the foil which constitutes the science of the game, and therefore supplies the main pleasure to those who practise and understand its finesse.

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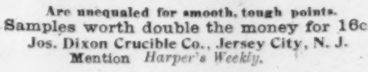

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